

THE
ATHENEUM;
OR,
SPIRIT OF THE
ENGLISH MAGAZINES.



COMPREHENDING

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS ON ALL
SUBJECTS
MORAL STORIES.
MEMOIRS AND REMAINS OF EMINENT
PERSONS.
MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.
ORIGINAL LETTERS.
CURIOUS FRAGMENTS.
INTELLIGENCE IN LITERATURE, THE
ARTS AND SCIENCES.
DRAMATIC NOTICES.

NEW PUBLICATIONS WITH CRITICAL
REMARKS.
REVIEWS OF THE FINE ARTS.
TRANSACTIONS OF LITERARY AND
PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETIES.
ORIGINAL POETRY.
REMARKABLE INCIDENTS; DEATHS
WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES;
CHEMICAL AND AGRICULTURAL IM-
PROVEMENTS, &c. &c.

VOL. VI. SECOND SERIES.

OCTOBER TO APRIL, 1826-7.

Monthly Magazines have opened the way for every kind of inquiry and information. The intelligence and discussion contained in them are very extensive and various; and they have been the means of diffusing a general habit of reading through the nation, which, in a certain degree hath enlarged the public understanding. HERE, too, are preserved a multitude of useful hints, observations, and facts, which otherwise might never have appeared.—*Dr. Kippis.*

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN COTTON,

(Corner of Washington Street and Franklin Street.)

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED ALSO BY THE FOLLOWING AGENTS:—CHARLES S. FRANCIS, NEW-YORK; WHIFFLE & LAWRENCE, SALEM; WILLIAM HILLIARD, CAMBRIDGE; J. W. FOSTER, PORTSMOUTH; PEARSON, LITTLE, & ROBINSON, PORTLAND; CLARNDON HARRIS, WORCESTER; GOODALE, GLAZIER & CO. HALLOWELL; T. DICHMAN, SPRINGFIELD; GEORGE DANA, PROVIDENCE; JOSIAH C. SHAW, NEWPORT; GOODWIN & SONS, HARTFORD; ROWE & SPALDING, NEW-HAVEN; A. F. BACKUS, ALBANY; E. LITTELL, PHILADELPHIA; EDWARD J. COALE, BALTIMORE; J. THOMAS, GEORGETOWN; M. L. HURLBUT, CHARLESTON, (S. C.); JOSEPH TARDIF, QUEBEC; WHITING & MOWER, MONTREAL; W. T. WILLIAMS, SAVANNAH, (GEO.); WM. H. COFFIN, HUDSON, (N. Y.); AND WM. HOWE, NEW-BEDFORD.

Price \$2.50 stitched; or \$3 bound.

THE

REVISED EDITION

OF THE

CONSTITUTION

AP83
-AT8

ADVERTISEMENT.

WE have the pleasure of presenting a new volume of the *Atheneum* to the public, and take this opportunity of offering them our thanks for the patronage bestowed upon our labours. We have endeavoured to make it worthy the perusal of every class of readers, whether seeking for amusement or instruction. During the last year we have received additions to our list of subscribers highly flattering to our exertions. A work of this kind we think may be rendered highly valuable, consisting as it does of selections from periodicals of the highest merit; and we shall spare no pains to gather into its pages all the most valuable articles which they contain. It has, however, been so long before the public, that it is hardly necessary to speak of its character or its views; and we therefore leave it to its own merit to secure a continuance of the patronage which has so long been afforded it.

A No. of the *Atheneum*, containing 40 pages, is published regularly on the 1st and 15th of every month, forming two volumes, of nearly 500 pages each, in a year, at the very low price of 5 dollars per annum.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 1.]

BOSTON, OCTOBER 1, 1826.

[VOL. 6, N. 5.]

THE LOST REFLECTION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HOFFMAN.

THINGS were at length come to such a pass that Erasmus Spikher found himself enabled to accomplish the wish that he had all his life nourished in his breast, and with a lightsome heart and well garnished purse he placed himself in the carriage which was to bear him away from his chill northern home to the genial and sunny clime of Italy. His dear gentle housewife shed floods of tears in anticipation of the dreariness of solitude; she lifted the little Rasmus into the carriage (having first considerably applied her *mon-choir* to his mouth and nose) that the father might kiss his hopeful urchin once again. "Farewell, my dear Erasmus Spikher," said she, sobbing, "I will keep thy house with all duty and watchfulness. Think often of me, be true to me, and be sure you don't lose your pretty travelling-cap through that foolish habit which you have contracted of throwing your head forwards in your naps." Spikher promised all this, and departed.

In the charming Florence, Erasmus fell in with a party of his countrymen, revelling with the eagerness of youth in all the luxuriant enjoyments of that enchanting clime. He proved himself a jovial, companionable fellow, and his lively wit, combined with the peculiar talent of uniting soundness of judgment and keenness of satire with the wildest starts of imagination, imparted an extraordinary piquancy to their banquetings

and revels. It happened on one occasion that these young people (Erasmus being only seven-and-twenty, of course included) held a little evening fete in the illuminated bosquet of a delightful garden. Each of the youths excepting only our hero, had brought a lovely donna with him. The gentlemen wore the old-fashioned German costume; the ladies were fantastically attired in gay colours, each differing from the other, so that, as they moved in the sportive dance, the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling, might have taken them for a bed of tulips waving in the breeze.

When one of the ladies had sung a soft Italian love song, to the graceful accompaniment of her mandolin, the youths struck up a German roundelay, accompanied by the merry jingling of their glasses filled with the rich wine of Syracuse. Italy is, indeed, the land of love! The evening breeze breathed in ardent sighs; the perfumes of the orange and jessamine, soft as the murmurs of love, pervaded the bosquet, mingling with the sportive gambols which the ladies, offering all those little *buffoneries* so peculiar to the Italian damsels, had commenced. Louder and faster grew the mirth and hilarity. Frederick, the Adonis of the party, rose up, and with one arm encircling his partner's taper waist, while the other bore the bumper of sparkling Syracuse high in the air, he exclaimed, "Where is bliss to be found, if

it be not with you, ye gentle and lovely maids of Italy? You are love itself! But you, Erasmus," continued he, turning to Spikher, "do not appear to be over sensible of this, for not only have you neglected, in defiance of all the ordinary rules of gallantry and good breeding, to invite a lady to the fête, but you are, moreover, so gloomy and absent to-day, that had you not at least drunk and sung bravely, I should fear you had plunged at once into the depths of melancholy."

"I must confess to you, Frederick, that in this manner I dare not enjoy myself. You know that I have left behind me a dear and amiable wife, whom I love more than life, and against whom I should commit a public act of treachery if I were to select a partner in these frolicksome games for a single night. With you bachelors it is different; but I as a family man——" The young men laughed outright at Erasmus' attempt to give a suitable cast of gravity to his youthful and good-natured countenance as he uttered the words "family man."

Frederick's partner desired him to interpret what Erasmus had said, and then turning to the latter, with a serious look, and holding up her finger in a threatening manner, she said, "You cold, cold German! but have a care, you have not yet seen Giulietta."

At that moment there was a rustling at the entrance of the grove, and a lady of dazzling beauty entered the illuminated circle. Her white robe fell in rich broad folds, leaving her polished shoulders exposed to view; the wide sleeves descended to her elbows; her hair was parted in front, and gathered up behind in many braids; chains of gold round her neck, and costly bracelets encircling her wrists, completed the antique costume of the maiden, and to look at her you would think it was a portrait of Rubens or Mieiris that had started into life and motion. "Giulietta!" exclaimed all the ladies at once. Giulietta, whose angelic beau-

ty eclipsed them all, accosted them with a soft melodious voice—"I pray you, let me partake of your pretty fête, ye noble German youth; I will to him yonder, who is without love and joy among you all." With that she turned to Erasmus, and seated herself in the chair which had been left vacant near him. The maidens whispered among themselves, "Only see how lovely Giulietta is again to-day!" And the youths said, "How is this with Erasmus? he has won the belle, and has been only mocking us."

Erasmus felt so peculiar a sensation at the sight of Giulietta, that he knew not himself what it was that so vehemently agitated him. When she approached him a strange power seized him, and oppressed him almost to suffocation. With his eye fixed upon her, and his lips frozen, he sat there unable to utter a word, while his companions loudly extolled the maiden's beauty and gentleness.

Giulietta rose, and taking a goblet of wine, presented it to Erasmus. He received the goblet, gently pressing her delicate fingers; he drank; fire streamed through his arteries. Then Giulietta asked jestingly, "Shall I be your partner?" Erasmus threw himself at her feet, and pressed both her hands to his heart, exclaiming, "Yes, thou art! I have always loved thee; thee, thou angel! I have beheld thee in my dreams; thou art my paradise, my life, my heaven!"

All thought that the wine had got into Erasmus' head, for thus they had never seen him; he seemed another man. "Yes, thou art my life! Thou glowest within me with consuming flames! Let me perish, I care not, so it be with thee!" so cried Erasmus, the steady, scrupulous, "family man." Giulietta raised him up; become more composed, he seated himself beside her, and soon the festive gambols were renewed which Giulietta's entrance had interrupted. When Giulietta sang, her seraphic tones swelled all breasts, in-

citing in them extraordinary pleasure. Her full clear voice carried a secret fire in it that kindled all hearts to love.

A red glimmer already announced the break of day, when Giulietta proposed to end the fête. They broke up accordingly. Erasmus offered his services to conduct her home, but she declined them, pointing out to him the house where he might find her in future. During the roundelay which the youths sung, by way of finale, Giulietta vanished out of the bosquet; she was seen passing along a distant alley of the garden, preceded by two lacqueys bearing torches; Erasmus did not venture to follow her. The youths took their respective partners under their arms, and departed in high glee. Disturbed in mind, and agitated with various novel emotions, Erasmus at length followed, attended by his little foot boy, with a torch; having gradually lost all his companions, he was passing along a distant street, which led to his dwelling. The glow of morning had risen high, and the servant extinguished his useless torch by striking it upon the stone pavement, when suddenly a singular figure, which seemed to start from the midst of the ascending sparks, appeared before our hero; a tall slender man, with a sharp hawk's nose, sparkling eyes, and a mouth distorted by a malicious grin; he was habited in a flame-coloured coat, with glittering steel buttons. "Ho, ho," cried he, in a shrieking tone of voice, "you have surely escaped out of some old book of pictures, with your mantle, your slit doublet, and feathered barette. You look droll enough, Master Erasmus, but will you expose yourself to the ridicule of the rabble in the streets? Pr'ythee return quietly into your vellum binding." "What is my dress to you," said Erasmus, waxing wroth, and would have passed on, pushing the red fellow aside, but he exclaimed, "Well, well, dont be in such a hurry—you cant go to Giulietta quite directly." Erasmus turned briskly round.—

"What's that about Giulietta?" cried he, seizing the fellow by the coat at the same instant, but he turned about like an arrow, and had vanished before Spikher was aware of him. There stood our hero dumb-founded, with the steel button in his hand, which he had torn from the red fellow's coat. "That was the wonder-working doctor, Signor Dapertutto, what could he want with you?" said the boy; but Erasmus was seized with terror, and hurried home.

Erasmus availed himself of the permission to visit Giulietta, and was received by her with all that friendliness and sweetness of manner which were so peculiarly her own. To the maddening passion with which she had inflamed him, she opposed a mild and even conduct; only now and then her eyes beamed brighter, and Erasmus felt a soft shudder pass through him, when occasionally she regarded him with a peculiar look. She never told him that she loved him, but her whole manner and conduct led him to believe that she did, and so it was that the bands which bound him strengthened daily. A glorious sun of joy arose before him. He seldom saw his friends, for Giulietta had introduced him into another circle.

Once, however, Frederick chanced to meet him, and would not let him escape; and when Erasmus' sensibility was awakened by the reminiscences of his father-land and home, he thus addressed him: "Do you know Spikher, that you have fallen into a very dangerous connexion?—You must have already remarked, that Giulietta is one of the most artful courtizans that ever existed.—They tell all sorts of strange and mysterious stories about her, which place her in a very extraordinary light.—You afford an example yourself, that when she will, she exercises an irresistible power over men's hearts, and entangles them in indissoluble bonds, for you are entirely altered; you abandon yourself altogether to her seductive arts; you think no longer of your dear housewife——"

Here Spikher covered his face with both his hands, and sobbed aloud, crying out, "Oh my dear faithful wife!" Frederick observed that a severe internal conflict had commenced—"Spikher," continued he "let us depart instantly." "Yes Frederick," cried Erasmus, hastily, "you are right. I know not what gloomy and horrible presentiments seize hold of me. I must go—this very day."

The two friends hurried along the street, and were met by Signor Dapertutto, who laughed in Erasmus' face, exclaiming, "Prythee be quick—haste, haste, Giulietta is waiting for you, her heart is full of love, and her eyes full of tears.—Quick, quick."

Erasmus was thunderstruck. "I detest this charlatan from my very soul," said Frederick, "and that he should have free in and egress at Giulietta's"—What! this contemptible fellow known to Giulietta! to Giulietta!

"Where have you been all this while," cried a soft female voice from a balcony, have you quite forgotten me already?" It was Giulietta, before whose residence the friends stood without remarking it. With one spring Erasmus was in the house. "Now that he is once there, none can save him," said Frederick, half aloud, and pursued his way.

Giulietta had never been more lovely than Erasmus now found her; she was attired in the same costume in which he had first beheld her; and she shone in all the splendour of youth, health, and beauty. Erasmus presently forgot all that passed with Frederick; the highest rapture bore him away more powerfully than ever; for never had Giulietta shewn him so unreservedly the full force of her affection: she seemed to remark none but him; to exist only for his sake.

A fête was to be held at a villa which Giulietta had hired for the summer season. They repaired thither. Amongst the company was a young Italian, of a disagreeable person and yet more disagreeable manners, who fluttered about Giulietta,

and excited a deep feeling of jealousy in Erasmus, who separated himself from the rest and strode up and down a distant alley of the garden. Giulietta sought him. "What ails thee?" said she, "Art though not wholly mine?" and throwing her delicate arms around him, she pressed a tender kiss upon his lips. Flames of fire darted through him like lightning; in his frenzied passion he pressed her to his breast, exclaiming, "No I will never leave you, though disgrace and destruction follow." Giulietta smiled with a peculiar expression at these words, and cast at him the same glance which had before made him shudder. They returned to the company. The disgusting young Italian now took up the role of Erasmus; impelled by jealousy he gave vent to all sorts of taunts and insults against the Germans in general, and Erasmus Spikher in particular. The latter at length lost patience, and striding boldly up to the Italian, said, "Desist from these contemptuous aners upon my country and myself, or I will give you an opportunity of exhibiting your skill in swimming in yonder fish-pond." At that instant a dagger glittered in the Italian's hand; Erasmus seized him by the throat, threw him down, and giving him a violent kick in the neck, a rattle in the throat announced that he was giving up the ghost. All rushed upon Erasmus, he was almost petrified at his own rashness; he felt himself seized and dragged away, and his senses left him. When he recovered the use of his faculties, he found himself in a small cabinet at the feet of Giulietta, who supported him in her arms, with her head anxiously bent over him. "You wicked, wicked German," said she, in accents indescribably gentle. "What anguish have you caused me! I have rescued you from imminent peril, but you are no longer safe in Florence, or in Italy—you must go—I must part with you, dearly as I love you." The thoughts of separation plunged Erasmus into nameless agony. "Let me stay," cried he, "I

will gladly die, for is to die more than to live without you?" As he had uttered these words it seemed to him that a feeble distant voice called him by name in painful accents. Alas! it was the voice of his gentle German housewife. Erasmus was struck dumb, and Giulietta said in a singular manner, "You are thinking of your wife. Alas! Erasmus you will too soon forget me." "Could I be but thine entirely, and for ever," exclaimed Erasmus.

They were standing exactly in front of the noble looking glass which hung on the wall of the cabinet, with wax lights burning on either side. Giulietta pressed Erasmus closer to her bosom, while she softly said, "Leave me thy reflection, thou beloved of my soul; it shall be mine and remain with me for ever." "Giulietta, what meanest thou?" demanded Spikher, full of wonder. He looked in the glass, which reflected his form and Giulietta's folded in a close embrace. "How can you retain my reflection," continued he, "a thing that accompanies me every where, coming forth to meet me out of every clear pool and every polished surface?" "Not even thy attendant likeness wilt thou bestow upon me, thou who hast professed thyself mine with life and soul! Not even thy unsteady image shall wander with me through this wretched life, that now thou knowest can have neither love nor joy for me!"

The hot tears gushed out of Giulietta's dark and sparkling eyes; then Erasmus, maddening with passion, exclaimed, "Must I then leave thee? If I must, keep my reflection; it shall be thine for ever, and no power shall tear it from thee till thou hast myself, my body and soul." Giulietta's kisses burned like fire upon his lips as he uttered these words. She now tore herself away from him and stretched out her arms towards the mirror. Erasmus saw that his image came forth, independent of his motions; it slid into Giulietta's arms, and vanished with her in a singular vapour. Various croaking

hideous voices now mocked him with infernal scoffings; seized with the cramp of terror he sank to the ground senseless; but the dreadful anguish of his mind overcame the stupefaction of his senses, and he rushed out in the thick darkness, groping his way down the stairs, which he descended without accident. At the house-door he was seized and placed in a carriage which rolled rapidly away.

"You are somewhat altered, sir, methinks," said the man who had placed himself by his side, addressing him in the German language, "however, all will now go well, if you will but give yourself up entirely to me; Giulietta has done her part, and recommended you to my care. You are, in truth, sir, a charming young man, astonishingly inclined to agreeable jests, such as Giulietta and I take great delight in. That was an excellent German kick in the gutlet, for instance; how the amoroso's tongue dangled out of his mouth, a lurid blue—he looked ridiculous enough; and did you mind how he croaked and cackled, and how unwilling he was to make his exit?" The man's tone was so ironical that his words were daggers to the breast of poor Spikher. "Whoever you may be," said he, "be silent on the subject of that dreadful deed, which I repent——"

"Repent? Repent? Then probably you repent too that you have known Giulietta, and won her gentle love?" "Alas! Giulietta! Giulietta!" sighed Erasmus, "Why you are childish," continued the man. You wish and hope, and pretend to be in love, but every little difficulty casts you down. Truly it is a disagreeable thing to be compelled to leave your mistress, but yet if you staid here, I could preserve you from all the daggers of your persecutors, as well as from the sword of justice."

The thought of remaining with Giulietta operated powerfully upon Erasmus. "How were that possible?" "I know a sympathetic means which will strike your enemies with

blindness; which, in short, will so operate that you shall always appear to them with a different face, and they shall never recognize you. As soon as it is day you will have the goodness to look long and stedfastly into a mirror; with your reflection I will then, without the smallest injury to it, perform certain operations, and you are safe; you may then live with Giulietta, without danger, enjoying all the delights of love." "Dreadful! dreadful!" exclaimed Erasmus. "What is dreadful! my worthy," inquired the man deridingly. "Alas! I have—I have—" "Left your reflection," cried the other, hastily; "left it with Giulietta? ha, ha, ha, bravissimo, my worthy! Now you may run through meadow and wood, through city and village, till you find your wife and the little Rasmus, and become again a 'family man,' although minus your reflection, a thing of little importance to Madam Spikher, who will possess yourself, while Giulietta must content herself with your image." "Peace! thou dreadful wretch!" cried Erasmus bursting with fury.

At that moment a party approached along a cross-road, singing and laughing in high glee, and bearing torches, which cast their red glare upon the carriage. Erasmus looked his companion in the face, and beheld the detested Signor Dapertutto. He leaped down from the carriage at the risk of his neck, and ran to meet the party, for he had already recognized in the distance, Frederick's full-sounding bass voice. Erasmus quickly made his friend acquainted with all that had passed, concealing only the loss of his reflection. Frederick hastened with him to the city, and so speedily were their measures taken, that when morning dawned, Erasmus, mounted upon a fleet horse, had left Florence far behind him.

Spikher has recounted many adventures that befel him on this journey; the most remarkable was the incident which first occasioned him to feel severely the loss of his reflection. He happened to dismount for

the purpose of refreshing himself and his jaded horse at an inn in a large city, just at the moment when dinner was announced, and he seated himself at the crowded table d'hôte without remarking that a fine large mirror was hanging immediately opposite to him. A mischievous demon, in the shape of a waiter, who had stationed himself behind his chair, observed that in the mirror one of the chairs appeared empty, and that its occupant was not at all reflected by it. He imparted his discovery to Erasmus's neighbour, he to his, and so on until a general buzz ran round the whole circle, and all eyes were directed first at Spikher and then at the mirror. Erasmus, however, had not remarked that he was himself the object of all this whispering and staring, until a big grave-looking man arose from his seat, handed him rather roughly to the glass, looked into it, and then turning round to the company, proclaimed aloud, "Truly, he has no reflection." "He has no reflection! He has no reflection!" repeated every tongue, "*a mauvais sujet—a homo nevas—turn him out.*"

Covered with confusion, and maddened with rage, Erasmus fled to his room; but no sooner had he taken refuge there than he received notice from the police, that he must either appear before the authorities, accompanied by his entire and perfect reflection, or leave the town within an hour. He chose the latter alternative, and left the city, followed by the rabble hooting after him, and bawling, "there goes the man who has sold his reflection to the devil! there he goes!" At length he escaped out of their reach, and thenceforth wherever he came he caused all the mirrors to be covered, under the pretext of a natural aversion to the sight of reflected objects, and acquired the nick-name of General Suwarrow, because he does the same.

Erasmus was joyfully received by his gentle housewife and the little Rasmus, on his return, and, in the tranquil enjoyment of domestic hap-

piness soon forgot the loss of his reflection, and of *Giulietta*. It happened however, one day, as *Spikher* was playing with his hopeful son, the boy got a handful of soot, and besmeared papa's face with it. "Oh, father, how black I have made you, only look," cried the urchin; and before *Spikher* could prevent it, he had reached a hand-mirror, which he held before his father's face, looking in it himself the same time; in a moment, however, he let it fall, burst out a crying, and ran out of the room. Shortly after, in came mamma, with astonishment and consternation in her looks. "What is this that the child tells me of you?" said she. "That I have no reflection, ~~was~~ it, love?" said *Spikher*, forcing a smile, and endeavouring to prove that it was madness to believe a man could lose his reflection; though, however, it would be no great loss if he did, since every reflection was but a bare illusion, serving to no good end, but, on the contrary, leading through vanity to numberless evils and disasters.

While he was thus wasting his eloquence, his wife had quickly drawn aside the curtain which covered a looking-glass that hung in their parlour; she glanced at it, and fell to the ground as if struck by lightning. *Spikher* raised her up, but she had no sooner recovered her senses than she repulsed him with tokens of horror. "Leave me," she cried, "leave me, dreadful being! You are not my husband, no! you are some demon—some imp of Satan, and you want to rob me of my happiness, to decoy me to destruction! Away, leave me! you have no power over me, Spirit of the damned!" Her voice echoed through the dwelling, the domestics hurried to the room, and *Erasmus*, filled with fury and desperation, rushed out of the house.

He ran wildly through the solitary alleys of the park which lay near the city; *Giulietta's* form arose before his mind's eye in angelic beauty, and he cried aloud, "Is it thus that you avenge yourself, *Giulietta*, because

I left you and gave you my reflection only instead of myself? Ah, *Giulietta*! I will be thine with body and soul—*she* has thrust me from her; *she* to whom I sacrificed you. Yes, I will be thine for ever!" "That you may easily enough, my worthiest," said *Dr. Dapertutto*, who suddenly stood beside him in his fiery coat with buttons of polished steel. The words were drops of balsam to the unlucky *Erasmus*, and he did not observe the Signor's malicious grin which accompanied the utterance of them. "How shall I then recover her," said he, in a plaintive tone, "she who is lost to me for ever!" "By no means," resumed *Dapertutto*; "she is not far off, and she longs to possess your worthy self, for as you perceive, your reflection is but an empty illusion after all. Moreover, when she is certain of yourself, namely, when she possesses you with body, life, and soul, she will willingly return your agreeable reflection, smooth and uninjured." "Lead me to her," cried *Erasmus*; "Where is she? lead on!" "There is a trifling formality necessary," said the other, "before you can see *Giulietta*, and give yourself to her in lieu of your reflection. She has now no power over your person, because you are fettered by certain bands which must first be broken, your dear housewife, together with your hopeful son"—"What do you mean?" cried *Erasmus*, wildly. "A separation of these bands might be easily effected by human means—you must have heard at Florence, that I possess the receipts for certain wonderful medicaments, and perchance I have such a little family nostrum with me. They who stand in the way between you and the lovely *Giulietta*, need only take a few drops of this, and they will sink down without pain or noise. It is called dying, and death they say is bitter; but is not the flavour of bitter almonds agreeable? and *this* bitterness only has *the* death which is inclosed in this little flask. Immediately after taking it your worthy family will breathe forth an agree-

ble odour of bitter almonds. Take it, my good sir." He presented a small phial to Erasmus. "Horrible wretch!" exclaimed the latter, "shall I poison my wife and child?" "Who talks of poison? the phial contains only an agreeable family nostrum. I might employ other means to procure your freedom, but I prefer to operate thus naturally through you—that is my delight. Take it with confidence, my friend." Erasmus held the phial in his hand without seeming to be conscious of it. He ran home and shut himself up in his chamber.

Madam Spikher had passed the night in the utmost anguish of mind; she continued to maintain that the being returned to her in the shape of her husband was not her husband, but a demon who had assumed his likeness, so that when Spikher entered his house all fled before him; the little Rasmus only ventured to approach him, inquiring artlessly why he had not brought back his reflection, for his mamma would fret herself to death about it. Erasmus gazed wildly at the boy; he had Dapertutto's phial in his hand. The child carried his favourite dove upon his wrist, and it happened that the creature pecked at the cork with her bill; she instantly dropped her head—she was dead. Erasmus started with horror. "Traitor!" he exclaimed, "thou shalt not seduce me to this deed of hell!" He threw the phial out of the window, so that it broke into a thousand pieces upon the stone pavement, and an odour of bitter almonds rose and scented the chamber. The little Rasmus had run away affrighted.

Erasmus passed the day upon the rack; at length midnight came, and Giulietta's portrait again presented itself in glowing colours to his imagination. Once in his presence a necklace broke, composed of those little red berries which the ladies wear for beads; gathering up the berries, he secreted one, because it had lain on Giulietta's neck, and had carefully preserved it ever since; he

now took this berry out of his pocket, and gazing fixedly on it, directed his whole mind and thoughts to his lost mistress. "Alas! Giulietta," sighed he, "I must see thee once again, and then perish!" He had scarcely uttered this ejaculation when he heard footsteps approaching through the corridor; then a gentle tap at the door of his chamber. Breathless with hope and fear he lifted the latch, and Giulietta entered, arrayed in all her beauty and loveliness. He caught her in his arms. "Here I am, my love," said she, softly; "only see how faithfully I have preserved your reflection!" She uncovered the looking-glass, and Erasmus beheld with rapture, his image embracing Giulietta, but as before it was totally independent of himself. Erasmus shuddered. "Giulietta," cried he, "shall I go mad with love for you? Give me back the reflection—take myself, with body, and life, and soul." "There is something yet between us, dear Erasmus—you know—has not Dapertutto told you?" "For heaven's sake, Giulietta, if I can be thine by no other means, let me rather die?" "No, Erasmus, the doctor shall not seduce you to the commission of such a deed. But it is truly grievous that an oath, and the priest's benediction, have such power; you must burst the bonds, however, or else you can never be entirely mine, and there is a better mean than that proposed by Dapertutto." "In what does that consist?" Here Giulietta threw her arms around his neck, and resting her head upon his breast, whispered softly, "You shall write your name, Erasmus Spikher, under these few words: I give my good friend, Dapertutto, power over my wife and child, that he may deal with them entirely as he will, and loosen the bonds which bind me, because I will belong in future, with my body and my immortal soul to Giulietta, whom I have chosen for my wife, and to whom I will bind myself by a peculiar oath." A death-like shudder thrilled his nerves; Giulietta's kisses

of fire inflamed him to madness. He held the paper which she had given him in his hand. Suddenly, Dapertutto started up in a gigantic form behind Giulietta, and handed him a metallic pen. At the same instant a vein burst in Erasmus' left wrist, and the blood spouted out. "Dip—dip—sign—sign!" screamed the red giant. "Sign! sign! my eternal, my only love!" whispered Giulietta.

He had filled the pen with blood and was about to put it to the paper, when the room door opened and a figure in white stalked in; she fixed her glassy eyes upon Erasmus, and exclaimed in a tone of anguish, "Erasmus! what are you about to do? For heaven's sake desist from the abominable deed." Erasmus, recognizing his wife in the phantom-like form, threw the paper and pen away from him. Lightnings darted out of Giulietta's eyes—her countenance was hideously distorted—her form a flame of fire. "Away from me, imps of Satan! In the name of the just God, away from me, thou serpent! hell glows in thee!" Thus cried Erasmus, thrusting Giulietta away with a powerful arm, for she still held him in her loathsome embrace. Hideous howlings and shrieks were now heard, and a noise resembling the fluttering of a raven's wings, while Giulietta and Dapertutto vanished in an offensive vapour, which seemed to issue from the walls, extinguishing the lights.

At length the ruddy rays of morning shot through the windows, and Spikher repaired to his wife's apartment. He found her gentle and composed; the little Rasmus, too, was cheerful, and seated upon his mother's bed; the wife offered her hand to her exhausted husband, saying, "I am now acquainted with all the evil that befel you in Italy, and I pity you from my heart. The power of the enemy is great, and as he is

addicted to every possible crime, so he is a great thief, and could not withstand the desire of cheating you out of your beautiful reflection."

"Do but look in the glass yonder, my dear." Spikher obeyed her with a pitiable look, and trembling at every joint. The glass was blank and clear—no Erasmus Spikher looked from out it. "This time," continued his wife, "it is fortunate that the glass does not reflect your image, for you look very silly, dear Erasmus." However, you are aware that a man without a reflection must be an object of ridicule, and cannot be a reputable man of family, inspiring his wife and children with respect. Little Rasmus laughs at you already, and will soon paint you a beard and mustachios with coal, because you cannot perceive it;—therefore wander about the world a little longer, and try opportunely to win back your reflection from the devil; when you have recovered it you shall be heartily welcome to me. Kiss me—(Spikher did it) and now, a pleasant journey. Send Rasmus a new pair of trowsers now and then, for he slides about a good deal upon his knees and wears out a great many. And when you come to Nuremburg, add a pretty toy and a spice cake, like a loving father!—Farewell, dear Erasmus."

The wife turned round and composed herself to sleep. Spikher took up the little Rasmus in his arms, and pressed him to his bosom, but as the boy screamed a good deal, he sat him down again, and went out to wander to and fro in the wide world.

He afterwards met with a certain Peter Schlemihl, who had sold his shadow; they agreed to travel in company, so that Erasmus Spikher might cast the necessary shadow, and Peter Schlemihl give the requisite reflection; however, it came to nothing.

THE KNIGHT OF THE PLUMELESS HELM.

A TALE OF CHIVALRY.

ON the evening of the first of June, in the year 1280, being the ninth of the glorious reign of Edward Longshanks, a mail-clad knight and his gentle page trotted side by side along the borders of one of those almost interminable forests, which despite the arbitrary decrees of the first and second Williams, still flourished in majestic grandeur in many parts of England. Behind them, the western horizon was glowing with all the gorgeous tints of gold, purple, and vermillion, while the beams of the now invincible sun were radiating lovelily over half the heavens and the upper regions of the earth, giving to every thing whereon they rested, or over which they passed, an air of Eastern and romantic splendour. Before them, on the other hand, the gossamer curtains of evening were slowly and regularly enveloping the different objects of creation in their fairy web, and giving to their thousand hues one dark and sober livery. The grass was already glittering with the falling dew; the woodbine was closing its snowy blossoms, which during the day had peeped like stars from beneath the thick foliage of the wild underwood; and the blue-bell, and robin-in-the-edge nodded in humble obedience to the passing zephyr, or what is equally probable, in token of adoration to the sparkling countenance of the celestial Venus, which might now be distinguished in the heavens above.

The outward appearance of the knight was by no means calculated to strike dismay into the heart of the beholder: there was, indeed, something Quixotic about him, for which, without the knowledge of his history, it would have been difficult to account. His hauberk, which consisted of one of those chain dresses so famous in the annals of crusading chivalry, was covered with apparently long accumulated rust. His hel-

met, which for want of the lighter basinet he was obliged to wear constantly, was in the same unknighthly condition, and lacked, beside, its most distinguishing ornament—the white plume with which it was wont to be decorated. Its elaborate workmanship however, intimated that its wearer was something more than an errant knight, and there was a *je ne sais quoi* about his port and bearing which, despite his outward ludicrous appearance, fully confirmed the impression. His gauntleted right hand grasped a lance of somewhat formidable length, whilst an empty scabbard hung suspended by a tarnished baldric upon his left thigh. Behind him was slung a shield, which, though now dull and lustreless, had evidently in former days gleamed with transcendent brightness; and its centre was ornamented with the representation of an inverted crescent upon a spear's point, above which the motto *bon coup* was inscribed, and established beyond a doubt the fact of its having in its prouder days been wielded triumphantly over the consecrated plains of Palestine. Our hero's jet black steed, unlike himself, was in most excellent condition, and would have done honour to the renowned Launcelot du Lac, or the chivalrous Paladins of Charlemagne!

The youthful companion of our *preux cavalier* rode upon a gray pony that looked more like a native of Plinlimmon, or Penmaen Mawr, than the well taught palfrey of a gentle page. His dress was of dark brown, and in the front of a bonnet, which became him admirably, rose a single heron's feather; whilst a bag, containing a small Spanish guitar, in the handling of which the stripling was no novice, was secured by a leathern strap across the shoulders, and rested upon the caule of the saddle.

"Come hither, boy," said the knight to his young fellow traveller,

whose rude palfrey ambled silently beside the prouder war horse of his master. " 'Tis a houseless track that they have sent thee ; art sure that thou art right ? "

" Sure, sir knight, that I follow the directions given me, but not sure that those directions are correct. "

" I fear me, then, " added he of the plumeless helm, " we must sleep to-night under the green wood tree, with the sky for our canopy, and the green sword for our bed ; what sayest thou to that, my pretty page ? "

" We've slept so oft of late, sir knight, upon a damp couch, that we need not, I think, be apprehensive of catching cold. "

" Well said, and wittily, my boy ! The earth too is softer than a prison floor, and freedom may be set off against its other advantages. May thy next master's favours teach thee to forget what thou hast suffered in my behalf. Heaven will, doubtless, soon free thee from the service of Sir Gaston de Biern. "

" Heaven, I hope, " said the page, " will at least keep me loyal ! and if my lord would but confide to my keeping the secret of his grief, I vow by the shrine of á Becket I never will prove a traitor ! " The tear stood in young Eric's eye as he gave expression to his feelings, which the knight perceiving, once more addressed him. —

" He that dares call thee such, will do it at his peril, while Gaston de Biern has power to aid thee ! Nor will I give thee any longer cause to think that I suspect thy loyalty : attend then, while I gratify thy wish. Eight years ago, young as thou art thou may'st perhaps remember it — my liege, the warlike Edward, wrested from my hold the fair possessions of my ancestors — I was branded with the foul name of rebel, un-knighted, and imprisoned. Justice is sometimes deaf as well as blind. Whilst my gallant sovereign tarried upon his return from Palestine, at the Sicilian court of Charles, his lady, Eleanor, received into her train the fairest and the proudest of the

daughters of Britain : among them was one whose matchless beauty fired my soul with love. I asserted successively the superiority of her charms in the tourney and the joust, using all honourable means to merit her affection ; and not altogether in vain, if this memorial prove not the pledge of falsehood, (here Sir Gaston, ungauntletting his hand, exhibited to his page a ring formed of a plaited lock of dark brown hair, ornamented with a small bright topaz). — " John de Langueville, " he continued, " was my rival in the maiden's love ; and jealous of the preference shewn me, resolved upon my ruin. He whispered vague rumours in Edward's ear, touching my visits to the queen's apartments, and my liege lord in the presence of his knightly court, charged with treason ! Indignant and enraged, I swore the charge was false, and in an unguarded moment, threw down my gauntlet at my accuser's feet. Thereat the king, who brooked not this outrageous insult, bade those around to disarm me, but I felled to the earth the craven knights who sought to execute the royal mandate, and flying from the scene of my disgrace, arrived at home in safety. I prepared my castle for a stout defence ; but the united arms of England were too powerful for a Gascon knight to withstand. In a few days the banner of St. George floated above my towers, I was deprived of my inheritance and my sword, the proudest badge of knighthood, and immured, as thou knowest, in the dark donjons of Winchester ; from which, thank heaven, we have at length escaped ! This day, so runs the rumour, the knightly sports of the Lord Mortimer commence at Kenilworth, where, if my information be correct, the royal Edward should preside ; him I am resolved to seek ; and, either obtain his pardon, or fall beneath his lance. One day is already lost, but if fortune prove propitious, to-morrow's sun shall see me in the lists. Should imprisonment have so far unnerved my arm as to deprive me of the power

of victory, and I fall, do thou preserve the ring which I have shewn thee; and shouldst thou ever discover its lovely owner, restore it, and tell her that Gaston de Biern was foully belied, and parted with her gift but with his life."

The last glimmer of twilight had disappeared in the west, and the twinkling stars become more visible overhead, as our travellers arrived at the termination of the forest, and looking before them perceived that they were about to enter a wild and seemingly trackless waste. Here the knight reined up his steed, and the gentle Eric instinctively followed his master's example.

"If thou canst now find thy path, my pretty page," said Sir Gaston, "thou art the cunningest guide in Christendom! What sayest thou, boy? By our lady's footstool! but I think we had better remain in the green wood till dawn; or wilt thou still lead on?"

Eric declared himself unable to officiate as guide any longer; and voted in the name of his jaded pal-frey, that they should seek a night's lodging in the shade of the forest.

Looking around them, therefore, for a convenient spot to bivouac in, they distinguished at a short distance a majestic oak, whose wide spreading branches promised them the shelter of which they were in search. Having dismounted, our hero rested his lance against the tree, and hanging his shield upon the stump of one of its broken branches, and his helmet upon another, seated himself ("tell it not in France; publish it not in the streets of Caerleon!") upon the bare ground!

"Come hither, Sir Page," said the knight, "and give me one of thy soothing lays, for thou canst exercise thy minstrel art as well, I ween, under the greenwood tree as within the walls of a prison."

With page-like alacrity the stripping proceeded to obey the command of his lord, and while he drew forth his lute from its covering, inquired what should be the subject of his song; "shall it," said he, "be 'Le bel Cavalier,' or the 'Red Cross Knight of Bernard de Ventadour?'"

"The latter," murmured the weary knight. And Eric accordingly began the then favourite song of

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

There came a knight from Palestine, as brave a knight as e'er
Adventured forth for glory, or the love of Lady fair;
Foremost in tilt and tournament, he loved to break a lance
With the gallant spears of England, or the chivalry of France:
The red cross on his burnished shield had lost its glowing tint,
And deeply died in Moslem gore, assumed a sable print;
But his azure plume was dancing with the zephyrs of the plain,
As he pricked his noble war horse o'er the fields of Aquitaine.

"Oh why such speed, oh why such speed, thou valiant Red Cross Knight!
Art thou bound for deadly battle, or the fields of mimic fight,
Where the blaze of beauty dazzles, and the merry minstrels sing,
And the pointless spear is broken for the ruby and the ring?
Or doth some wild adventure in a far and foreign land,
Implore the certain succor of thy never vanquished hand?
Or art thou hurrying onward with the chivalrous design
Of fulfilling pledge or promise to our Lady's holy shrine?"

"Nor battle field, nor mimic fight, nor promise, pledge, or vow,
Nor perilous adventure doth demand my presence now;
But my lady-love awaits me, in her perfume-breathing bower,
Herself the rose of Beauty, its most captivating flower.—
I have seen the vaunted daughters of the proudest Moors of Spain,
And the fairest maids of England, but they cannot equal mine:
Nor lives there lady-love in France, as many a knight can tell,
May contest the palm of beauty with the lovely Isabel.

"Though honour's call compelled me erst to join the dauntless band
Of the lion hearts of England in the Holy, Holy Land;
Yet wherefore should I tarry from my bright and beauteous maid,
Now the banner waves victorious of our far-renowned Crusade?"

I've been kept too long already from the magic of her spell,
To loiter any longer now—so, stranger, fare you well !”—
He said no more, but pricked his steed, impatient of delay,
And bounded with the fleetness of the antelope away.—

Thus far had our minstrel proceeded with his lay, when he perceived that the knight of the plumeless helm had already sunk into a profound slumber. Being himself not a whit less weary than his lord, he thought it would be much better to follow so laudable an example, than to continue his minstrelsy for his own amusement, or that of the mysterious beings who might be hovering unseen around him. Accordingly, he stretched himself upon the green-sward, and, resting his head upon a huge root of the old oak tree, which seemed to have started above ground for the express purpose of forming him a pillow, bade adieu for a season to “the pomps and vanities of this wicked world.”

Gaston de Biern had the good fortune to live in those halcyon days when Puck and Oberon, with the whole race of Robin-good-fellows, footed it merrily in the moonshine, undisturbed by the “march of intellect,” or the prying curiosity of science: when every oak had its sylvan deity, and every green field its midnight, though invisible, revelers, who traced their magic circles in the grass, or shed their blessings, like the falling dew, upon their numerous and faithful worshippers; now bestowing upon the dauntless knight an invulnerable shield, or tempering his glaive in the dark and secret caverns of the earth;—and anon, disdaining not to reward the diligence of the house or dairy maid with a sparkling silver sixpence, dropped cunningly into her shoe while she slept!

But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease!

No sooner had Morpheus sealed the eyes of our hero and his attendant, than the Elfin beings above alluded to, knowing by intuitive per-

ception that they had nothing to fear from a sleeping knight and his stripping page, ventured from their unknown retreats, and round their favourite oak commenced their airy and fantastic gambols. First came their princely leader, and having with his moonbeam-like wand traced a circle round the tree, sufficiently spacious to inclose our sleepers within it—he sounded the merry bugle—a spotless woodbine flower—and gave the signal for his fellows to advance. Immediately the whole band rushed into the ring, which became intensely brilliant with the unceasing corruscations of light emitted from the ten thousand tiny revellers, one of whom, who seemed to be the minstrel of the Elfin choir, seizing upon the neglected lute of the unconscious page, instantly, and without waiting to ascertain its musical powers, began the following irregular

SONG.

Merrily, cheerily, spirits that shun
The garish light of the noonday sun,
And the gaze of mortal eye;
The grass is wet with the sparkling dew,
And the stars are looking about for you,
As they wander along through their fields of blue,
Bright fairies of the sky!

Come to the revel with dance and glee,
Ye that reside in the green-wood tree,
And you who dwell below,
In secret grottoes, and gem-lit mines,
Where the ruby glares, and the diamond shines,
And footstep of mortal ne'er marred those designs
Which only fairies know!

Behold a knight in the holy shade
Of your favourite oak is sleeping laid—
Sweet may his slumbers prove!
His dreams, be they all of martial guise,
And the conqueror's wreath, where beauty's eyes
Enhances the worth of the glittering prize,
And fires the soul with love!

Sleep on, Sir Knight, you have nought to fear
From the blunted sword, the pointless spear,
Of tilt or wild melee;
Princes to-morrow shall envy thy crown,
And sigh for a lance to compete with thine own,
In knightly achievements and deeds of renown,
Mid valour's proud array!

Fare ye well, fare ye well, lance and sword,
 The warning voice of the night's own bird,
 That speaks of coming day,
 Summons us hence to the peaceful realm,
 Where pleasures unceasing all cares o'erwhelm,
 Then fare ye well, Knight of the Plumeless
 Helm,
 Spirits, away, away!

While the fairy musician exercised his scientific skill, a host of his companions, which it would have baffled the cunning of the sage John Dee to have exhibited in the best Venice glass he ever possessed, joined in the song, whilst they danced about neck over heels like motes in the sunbeam, evidently enjoying their orderless pranks with infinite satisfaction. The dreary too-whoo of Minerva's bird however, at length, put a stop to their joyous revelry, and they disappeared *instantly* with a loud whistling kind of noise, leaving no trace behind them, save that of the bright green circle in which they had gamboled, and from which the dew had been brushed by the action of their nimble feet. Almost at the self-same instant the Gascon knight, whose dreams appeared to have been of that "martial guise" invoked for him by his late visitors, started from his repose, exclaiming, "Honour to the sons of the brave!" He, however, soon found that he was neither witnessing the gallantry of others, nor dressing his own spear for the knightly rencontre, for his hand struck against the nose of his "berry-black steed," which, having quietly approached the ear of its lord, was doubtless whispering therein some "gentle hint" and had thus been the unconscious cause of his fancying he heard the spirit-stirring note of the herald of the lists. The sudden effort awoke him, and as the frightened steed started back from the effect of his unexpected salutation, Sir Gaston sprung upon his feet and seized the pendant bridle. Having now partly recovered from his dreams, he gazed about him, like a man who has missed something, but cannot recollect what; he, however, soon satisfied himself that all he had lately witnessed was but the "visions of the brain." Turning his eyes eastward,

he perceived that the heavens thereabouts were assuming a greyish tinge, which he very naturally concluded to be the *avant courier* of the coming morn, notwithstanding the extreme brilliancy of the starry hosts which above and around him still studded the ethereal vault. The light which these emitted was just sufficient to enable him to descry the objects in his more immediate neighbourhood; and of these the first which attracted his notice, was the form of his little foot page calmly reposing beneath the shadow of their luxuriant pavilion.

"Soho, Sir Page!" exclaimed the knight, "arise, and get thee ready, boy, or I shall leave thee to thy dreams and the company of the fairies, for by our lady's footstool they have been footing it merrily upon the greensward to-night!"

Obedient to the well-known voice, Eric instantly sprung upon his feet, and devoutly crossed himself, for he too as well as his lord soon recognized the well-known traces of the Peris of the North. De Biern resumed.

"Well, my pretty page, art thou inclined to turn guide again to-day? Or wilt thou resign the office to fortune, and the cunning of thy gentle palfrey?"

"I place, Sir Knight," was the reply, "but little faith in the skill of my grey; but as we were told that Kenilworth lay to the north, we had best not seek it at least in *that* direction (pointing to the east) for *there* the dawn seems breaking."

"Most excellent adviser," said the knight, "be it as thou say'st, and if the beldame, Fortune, prove but kind for once, I forebode no evil from this day's adventure. But come! get thee ready, boy, for behold the east is brightening rapidly!"

"Oh, fear not Fortune, my lord!" said the stripling, with a burst of joy, "see here is an earnest of her future favors!" So saying, he held up to the view of the astonished knight a sword whose extreme beauty and polish might have rivalled the famed Escalaber. Thanks to our visitors,

this glorious boon, my lord, has not been sent you for nought; no, no, believe me, it promises better things!"

Gaston de Biern scarcely knew what to think of this strange adventure; but perceiving that the sword was indeed a thing that would bear handling, he grasped the proffered hilt, which, however, he had no sooner done, than he exclaimed, "By St. Jago, 'tis my own good sword! my *Vraiacier*!" Then after gazing upon it for the space of several minutes, and kissing the highly-polished blade with all the fervent devotion of a true warrior of the thirteenth century, he placed it in his hitherto empty scabbard. Calling for his lance and shield, they were forthwith produced, and his wonder was still further increased on perceiving that both had undergone a most unaccountable change. The point of the former glittered in the twilight like one of the stars overhead, and the latter was in perfect keeping with it; nor rust, nor stain was to be seen upon its now mirror-like surface. His helmet too had also undergone a similar improvement, and, in short, every piece of armour he possessed was as bright as if it had only just left the hand of the polisher. So that, thanks to the fairies! Sir Gaston de Biern might have now passed muster with the Paladins of Charlemagne, or the Knights of Round Table!

"By the shrine of à Becket!" said he, as he gazed upon himself, but I think I am enchanted! Whither hast thou brought me, sirrah? Dost thou see? Dost thou know me, hey?"

At the name of à Becket, Eric devoutly crossed himself again—then with a smiling look replied to the interrogation of his lord: "I think, Sir Knight, you should be Sir Gaston de Biern of Gascony; but when the sun rises I shall be better able to determine. In the mean time suppose we commence our journey, for the morning air is chill."

Our hero was no less anxious to set forward than his page, not doubting, that if he was, indeed, under the influence of fairy spells, they would

be dissolved by the first brook that Fortune might throw in his way: besides, being a stranger, and in a strange land, he was fearful another night might overtake him, without his reaching the goal of his desires, namely "La Table Ronde," with its accompanying chivalric sports of the Baron Mortimer, at which his sovereign Lord Edward the First was to preside, and assisted by the beauteous Alice, daughter of his noble host, to award to the successful knights of the Tourney and the Joust the well-earned meed of Victory. Having pronounced a benediction upon the invisible beings who had been so bountiful to him during his sleep, the Knight of the Plumeless Helm clapped spurs to his steed, and accompanied by his faithful attendant, trotted away from the scene of his late mysterious adventure.

His fears with respect to his being under the influence of some more than mortal power, were dispelled long ere sunrise; for by that time, he had crossed more than one running stream, which, as is well known, was the infallible test of all Elfín spells. For many a weary mile our travellers continued their course over verdant fields and barren moors, without meeting with any thing by which they might ascertain if they were in the right or in the wrong road. At length, however, about the hour of noon, they found themselves, to their no small joy, upon the king's highway, the broken and shattered state of which bore ample testimony to the great traffic which it had very recently experienced. "Ha! ha!" ejaculated the knight, delighted with the discovery, "by our lady's sepulchre, but we've found the road at last! and if I can read these footprints aright, the place we are in search of lies yonder, to the left." This remark was accompanied with a corresponding motion on the part of both "man and horse." The former rising in his stirrups, adjusted himself afresh, and pricked the latter into a more sprightly pace; an example which his juvenile squire, who now no longer

acted in the responsible capacity of guide, was not slow to follow.

The hope-inspired surmise, that they were now drawing near to their journey's end, tended materially to increase their speed, and infused fresh life into their drooping frames. After continuing in their new line of march about half an hour, the well-trained steed of the Gascon knight stopped short for a moment in his course, pricking up at the same time his attentive ears, in token of their having recognised some familiar and congenial sounds, although hitherto his equally attentive rider had not distinguished any note sufficiently spirit-stirring to affect the exquisitely sensitive feelings of knighthood; but he had considerable faith in the ears of his Rosinante, and therefore prepared himself for the long sought rencontre. Unstimulated either by whip or spur, the latter mended his pace, and thereby forced the shorter legged palfrey of Eric into a brisk canter. In a short time our hero was gladdened with the sight of the advance-guard pennon, near which a rude barrier was thrown across the road, and obstructed his farther advance.

"Whither bound?" demanded the rough voice of a stalwart yeoman, whose badge of service bespoke him to be of the king's household. "To the Tourney," was the laconic reply. "Then know, sir knight, that thou canst not pass this road to day, unless thou resolvest to contest the passage of arms with England's doughtiest knights."

"I thank thee for the intelligence," replied the fairy-favoured lord of the shield and lance; "but I fear them not. Remove the barrier." Such an adventure was, indeed, of all others, what Gaston de Biern most ardently wished for; and accordingly, as soon as the obstruction was removed, he proceeded on his way.

Scarcely had he cleared this advance-guard barrier, when his ear was assailed by a loud flourish of trumpets, indicating evidently some movement among the assembled chi-

valry; this was occasioned, as he afterwards ascertained, by the departure of that personage whose presence he most courted—the king of England! Edward, willing to confer a mark of honour upon his princely entertainer, had vested in him, for the remainder of the day, the office of judge of the knightly contests, while he himself retired from the bustle of the lists, to the quiet of the royal pavilion, from which place the spot selected for the passage of arms was distant about five miles. In a few minutes our hero reached the pendant shields of the six champions, who had undertaken its defence against all comers. As the blazonry of the whole was alike unknown to him, he directed the point of his lance to the first on the row. Five golden lozenges upon a field *gules*, informed the learned in the science of heraldry, that it belonged to the descendant of the renowned conqueror of Brecknock, Bernard Newmarch, uterine brother of the still more renowned conqueror of England. Roger Newmarch, its present possessor, was a young knight of great promise and increasing fame, and who had, in the sports of the preceding day, been thrice declared victor. "But the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong!"

The Gascon's choice was speedily made; he was hailed by the loud and simultaneous shouts of his gallant compeers, who were all anxious to put their valour to the proof. The tilting ground was forthwith cleared—the gorgeously arrayed heralds gave voice to their glory-breathing clarions, whilst the squire of the Norman knight reached down from its exalted station, the challenging shield of his lord and master!

Every thing was speedily arranged, and the noble Mortimer having taken his seat, the marshal of the course summoned the combatants to prepare themselves to put their courage and skill to the test of practice. The odds were decidedly against our adventurer; for, besides being unknown, he was encumbered with the

heavy arms of real warfare, while his rival for renown glittered in the lighter and more splendid habiliments of the tourney. But though aware of his disadvantage in this respect, he refused the offer of the marshal to furnish him with arms and armour better suited to the nature of his present emprise; and, the protecting *cronal* having been properly fixed to the point of his lance, he took his appointed stand, to await the necessary signal, with all the proud and graceful bearing of an experienced knight. Anon the trumpets sounded the charge, and the jousts dashed forward with gallant impetuosity. By an unfortunate stumble of our hero's steed, his lance missed its object, and the first course consequently redounded to the honour of his antagonist. Not so the next; for while he skilfully avoided the romance thrust of the Norman spear, his own well-directed stroke came in contact with the corslet of the latter, and the loser of the first, was declared the victor of the second course. The trumpets now sounded the third and last charge; and fortune again declared in his favour. With rare, but truly chivalrous dexterity, he broke away the rest of his opponent's lance, which thereby swerving from its direct line struck him traversewise, and was broken upon the bow of his saddle. "*Bon coup*, Sir Knight of the Plumeless Helm!" exclaimed the marshal and the officers at arms, and the cry was triumphantly echoed by all, save the partisans and attendants of the vanquished Newmarch. The heart of young Eric bounded for joy, and his voice was raised to its highest pitch in swelling the chorus of his master's praise.

Sir Gaston de Biern seemed, indeed, the only person who was not affected by the issue of the encounter. He kept his seat, unmoved, waiting till the bustle had subsided; when again advancing to the pendant shields, he guided his *rocketed* spear to that of Sir Gerhard Neville, a

knight of untarnished reputation in the annals at least of real, if not of chivalric contests. With soldier-like alacrity, Sir Gerhard prepared to meet his unknown challenger; but in the conflict was equally unfortunate with his predecessor. Victory the second time also declaring in favour of our hero, who twice more contended for the honor of passing the imaginary barrier, and with equal success. Again he rode up to the two remaining shields, one of which he was about to touch, when the judge of the lists flung down his warder, and announced that the passage of arms had already been won by the Knight of the Plumeless Helm!

This event produced no small commotion among the lords of the shield and lance, and a thousand guesses were formed as to who the stranger knight could be, not one of which as may readily be supposed proved correct. The herald solicited his name, but in vain. The conqueror determined upon remaining incognito if possible, until the result of the next day's adventures would, he hoped, enable him to declare himself to some purpose. He, however, refused not the seat assigned him by the lord of Kenilworth near those of his glory-seeking companions, in which with his loyal and delighted page he spent the night, whilst his less successful rivals crowded round the romantic table of their noble host, each eagerly asserting the superior beauty of his lady love, or vowing to remove, on the morrow, the foul stain which the shield of English knighthood had received from an unknown lance.

The morrow came, and with it all the din of preparation for the next and most important act of the tournament. With the first appearance of dawn, the ropes which parted the lists were tightened, and the pages and squires were actively employed in passing to and fro, and in making the necessary arrangements for the coming display. As the regent of day advanced on his celestial course, the voice of the trumpet summon-

ed the spectators to their places; princes and nobles came forth at its bidding, apparelled in all the magnificence of crimson and gold; while ladies, "beautiful as the sun," and smiling as the morning of May, proved equally obedient to the well known call. First among the fair ones came the bright-eyed Alice, accompanied by her noble sire and his royal guest. "*La Reine de Beauté et des amours*" took her seat beneath a splendid canopy of crimson tapestry, the brilliancy of whose hues reflected by a rosy tinge upon her otherwise pallid complexion—she appeared in some degree indisposed; her eye—the soul's true index—though naturally sparkling and bright, even to a proverb, was wanting in both lustre and vivacity. There was, indeed, a lack of spirit in her whole air, indicating some inward feeling at variance with outward appearances; which, however, was not much to be wondered at, seeing that, where so many were contending for the honour of her hand, it might so happen that she would be required, in consonance with the spirit of the age, to bestow it upon *one*, while her affections were placed upon *another*.

Upon the right hand of the fair daughter of Sir Roger Mortimer, stood the dauntless king of England; to the point of whose lance was attached the crimson pennon of the Queen of Beauty, denoting its present possessor to be the Knight of Honour upon a signal given by this badge of indisputable authority, the heralds blew their trumpets, and the pursuivants at arms commanded the anxious knights to "come forth!" Immediately the lists presented as proud and gorgeous display as was ever feigned by the wildest of oriental fancies, with all its splendid and romantic adjuncts of genii and enchanters to boot. The gallant aspirants for fame passed in review before the throne, bowing as they were in duty bound to do, to her by whom it was occupi-

ed, and from whose fair hand each hoped to receive, ere long, the meed of victory. Like compliments were also paid by the knights to the more immediate objects of their choice, who, ranged in "burning rows," in the well constructed amphitheatre above, watched with anxious solicitude the movements of their chivalric worshippers; and by the soul-inspiring glances of their eyes, urged them to the performance of deeds of noble daring. But among all the proud and glittering champions who appeared in the lists, the Knight of Honour sought in vain for the wearer of the Plumeless Helm, the tale of whose achievements on the preceding day had reached the royal ear, clothed in the glowing colours of exaggeration and romance. But while Edward was excited by curiosity alone, the breasts of others were agitated by hope and fear, and many a keen eye was turned, through the loop-hole of the basinet, towards the tent of the mysterious stranger, into which courtesy and the law of knight-hood forbade an entrance. Fortunately, we are possessed of the very cap which the love-sick Hassan pilfered from the quarrelsome urchins of the renowned island of Wakwak*, and therefore, being under no necessity of observing these punctilious regulations, we can enter the tent without fear of detection.

"How goes the field?" inquired its noble tenant of his page, squire, and messenger—for Eric was each and all by turns, and replied to the question of his master with becoming brevity.

"The spectators already crowd the scaffolding.—The Queen of Beauty hath taken her seat—upon her left stands her sire, the brave Lord Mortimer, while on her right the king waves the pennon of the Knight of Honour. Below, in the lists, all is bustle and array—the impatient knights have already bowed before the throne, and I left them arranging

* See *New Arabian Nights*, vol. 2. The tale of "Hassan of Basora."

themselves for the encounter ; so that in a short time the trumpets will doubtless sound for the onset.”—

As the last words passed his lips the martial peal was heard ; whereat our hero, starting from his seat, was about to poise his formidable spear ; but his faithful squire interposed. “ Not so, not so, my lord—the marshal hath sent to the knight of the Plumeless Helm weapons better suited to the courteous assaults of the tourney, and requests him to lay aside the sword and lance of battle-field, and enter the lists armed with these glaives courtois.”

Here the speaker presented him with a sword and lance duly prepared for the bloodless sports which it was intended should be performed ; but instead of receiving them he laid his hand upon the hilt of his own trusty falchion, and exclaimed, “ No, by our lady’s footstool ! I will not change my *Vraiacier* for the best glaive in Christendom ! Thinkest thou, boy, the Elfín spirits by whom it was restored, intended I should part with it so lightly ?—Yet, stay ! ’twere best, perhaps, I should first be sure that ’tis indeed my own good sword.”—And so saying, he drew the beaming weapon from its sheath, and proved its mettle against the oaken pillar upon which his arms had hung during the night. At one stroke it severed in twain the opposing substance, hard as it was, with as much ease as the falchion of Velint—the thrice-tempered *Meinung*, divided the floating bale of wool. After which, our knight returned it to its scabbard, fully satisfied of its identity.

The bustle and shouting which almost instantly followed the clarion’s spirit-stirring notes, announced to Sir Gaston de Biern that the moment of trial was at hand. “ Away, my pretty page,” said he, “ and bring hither my steed.—Quick, quick, for the jousts will close in an instant.” Eric bounded off like a roe to execute his master’s bidding—though altogether at a loss to conceive what motives could possibly have induced

him thus to delay his appearance in the lists until the contest had begun. But this was evidently nothing more than a cunning manœuvre to escape the inquisitive eye of his offended sovereign, which he could not have done had he mingled with the combatants ere the tumult and confusion, necessary to the most orderly conducted conflict, had commenced. When informed that his courser was waiting, he hastened to the entrance of his pavilion, armed with the blunted lance ; thus in part complying with the wish of the marshal, and the courteous laws of chivalry ; while his good sword still hung beside him. He now vaulted into the saddle, and caracoled his steed to the barrier, within which he was immediately admitted ; when, dressing his lance to its rest, he dashed forward into the very thickest of the *melée*, while the loud shouts of the spectators gave notice to those more actively engaged, of the presence of the Knight of the Plumeless Helm ; and, mingling with the braying of the martial music, and the din of the mail-clad combatants, produced an uproar which made the very welkin ring again.

“ By our sword and sceptre !” said the king, addressing his noble host, “ but yonder knight bears himself gallantly.—See ! see, my Lord !—By St. George he’ll unhorse our favorite—and *thy* future son-in-law.—There, my brave Mortimer, said I not so ?”

The monarch was, indeed, right—Sir Gaston de Biern having succeeded in overthrowing his antagonist, though the doughtiest knight in the lists ; and one whose prowess and good fortune had often been the theme of minstrel song in hall and lady’s bower. Some over-ruling power, however, appeared on the present occasion, to have directed him in the selection of the lance which of all others he had most reason to shun, and the knight whom he had most deeply injured ; for the vanquished warrior proved to be no other than John de Langeville, the

rival of our hero's early love and the original cause of his late long and painful imprisonment.

When the knight of the Emerald Shield (so called from the cognizance of its lord's being a hart lodged on a field, *vert*) was borne so unexpectedly to the ground, a shout partaking more of surprise than either of applause or disapprobation, burst simultaneously from the dense throng of spectators, and so startled many of the less experienced combatants, who were too intent upon their own adventures to pay much attention to those of others, that it became absolutely necessary to suspend the conflict. The Knight of Honour accordingly gave the requisite signal, and the cry of "*a l'ostelle, a l'ostelle,*" was so effectually raised by the well practised heralds and officers at arms, that the most ardent and impetuous paused in their career, and retired to their respective stations. The Baron Mortimer started forward to the front of the scaffolding, and even his fair daughter could not refrain from advancing a few steps to ascertain by ocular demonstration if her intended "lord and master" had indeed been vanquished, as well as perhaps to obtain a glimpse of the fortunate victor.

De Langeville's fall was more dishonourable than dangerous, yet the sudden and unusual shock so stunned his bodily and mental powers, that he was borne by his friends, among the most active of whom was Mortimer, into an adjoining tent in a state of comparative insensibility, while his victorious rival was forced by those around him into the presence of the King of England and the Queen of Beauty, before whose exalted throne he bowed in token of dutiful obeisance, without, however, removing from his head the casque which had become so distinguished for the valour and prowess of its wearer, and so talked of for its own singularity.

"Sir Knight of the Plumeless Helm," said the royal judge, "welcome to the lists of Kenilworth! Thrice welcome, though the flower

of English chivalry hath fallen beneath thy lance! Knowest thou whom thou hast vanquished?"

"John de Langeville," replied the conqueror, "a false and craven knight, as I will prove to the utterance! There lies my gage!" and so saying, he flung down his gauntlet.

Edward was surprised at the apparent audacity and boldness of the knight, at the same time that he admired his bravery and prowess, and would fain have urged him to revoke his challenge; but as consistently with his *knightly* character he could not dictate to a brother in arms, he referred to the lady arbitress to know whether or not it was her good will and pleasure to permit a challenge *a l'outrance* to be given or received within the limits of her jurisdiction. Though the beautiful Alice, 'tis true, was unprepared for this appeal, she betrayed greater agitation when called upon to pronounce judgment upon the point than could fairly be supposed to have arisen from an occurrence by no means uncommon in those days of tilts and tournaments, when the word of woman was in very many cases the only law to which man paid a willing obedience.

"Let not the pastimes of peace, Sir King, be turned into those of war!" was her laconic reply, but it was imperative; and with this sovereign message the Knight of Honour returned to the challenger, but he returned too late to effect its peaceful purpose. Whilst he parleyed with *La Reine*, some over-officious friend of Sir John de Langeville had taken up the gage, and carried it to the challenged hero, who having partly recovered from his stupor, and finding himself uninjured by his late fall, swore by the faith and honour of a knight to accept the cartel. He accordingly commanded his armorial ensign to be removed from the entrance of his tent, and dispatched an esquire with his mortal defiance to the Knight of the Plumeless Helm. All attempts at pacification being now at an end, it only remained to

announce the names of the combatants, and to prepare for the perilous engagement.

In compliance with the demand of the herald to be furnished with his name, the Gascon hero, as he slowly unlaced his helmet and removed it from his head, gave the required information.—“Gaston de Biern,” said he.—“Gaston de Biern?” repeated the king, in an interrogative tone of mingled anger and surprise. The name acted like a talisman, and “Gaston de Biern” was re-echoed by the surrounding chivalry with similar expressions of wonder and astonishment, while, from the lips of a few, the ominous exclamation of “treason” escaped.

“Treason, by the rood!” exclaimed Edward; “but it shall never be said of King Henry’s son that he sheltered his sovereignty behind the shield of his knighthood.” Then, with a look and air of kingly haughtiness, he addressed himself to the knight: “Gaston de Biern, the lists are free for you to combat in!”

“Nay, but my liege,” rejoined the latter, “’tis not enough; as a victor in the tournament and joust I claim a boon!” Edward waved his pennon in token for the speaker to proceed, and he did so. “For eight long years, my liege, have I been imprisoned under the foul, false charge of treason. Sir John de Langeville knows the charge is false; and this good sword shall force him to confess ere long that it was he alone provoked me to rebellion, or if it does not, let me die degraded and disgraced! But ere I stake my life to this adventure, I would fain know if ’mid the throng of beauty which I see, there be not one at least that will grant me her support? My liege, there was a bright-eyed damsel once whose love I won, as this long-cherished pledge can testify: I would now restore it her if she mistrusts the justness of my cause. Come hither, boy; go, bear this jewel to the Queen of Beauty!”

At these words the watchful Eric stepped forward to receive the ring

which his master held forth to him, and advancing to the fair judge of the lists, laid it at her feet. The lovely Alice, who, while the foregoing colloquy was held, became so agitated as to require the utmost exertions of her fair friends and attendants to prevent her from being overpowered by her emotions, received the proffered relic, and kissing it with all the devotion and enthusiasm of true and unalterable love, restored it again to the page, and immediately concealed her blushing countenance in her richly-wrought kerchief, while the over-joyed knight received the pledge, and retired, unquestioned and uninterrupted, from the throng of his chivalrous companions, who were too much surprised at what they beheld to do aught save gaze in silence at their fortunate brother in arms. There was, indeed, no small cause for surprise; and all were equally at a loss to conceive what could possibly have induced the plighted bride of Sir John de Langeville to bestow so distinguishing and so unequivocal a mark of her affection upon the man who in a short time was to meet him in the deadly rencontre.

The officers at arms soon, however, aroused the champions from their stupor, by commanding them to withdraw, in order that they might prepare the lists for the approaching combat; and during the interval they were so occupied conjecture was busy as to its probable results. The Lord Mortimer, altogether unable to account for his daughter’s late conduct, and indignant at seeing his parental authority so little regarded, expostulated with the agitated maiden in no very knightly terms, unrestrained even by the presence of royalty itself, and swore by a Becket’s shrine, that if any harm happened to the knight whom he had selected for her future Lord, “he would send her forthwith to a nunnery!” She herself was alike insensible to his menaces and his anger; and many a gallant scion of chivalry laughed in his sleeve at the enraged baron, well

knowing that the bright-eyed Alice would never be long immured in a convent's walls, while so many brave lords of the lance and sword were ready and anxious to devote both to her service.

By the hour of noon the necessary arrangements were completed; and the amphitheatre became thronged with silent or with whispering spectators, all equally desirous and impatient to behold the display of true courage and knightly skill which was about to take place. As the contest was to be for life or death, many a timid damsel avoided the scene where it was to take place: among others, Alice Mortimer, though the most interested in its issue, quitted not her chamber; many a little foot page, however, took his station near the *dais*, in order to convey from time to time to his half-hoping, half-despairing lady the intelligence of what was passing without. King Edward presided in the judgment seat: while the restless Lord of Kenilworth now held a momentary parley with the marshal, and anon hastened to encourage his chosen knight, who was already cased in full panoply of steel and brass, and curbed in with difficulty his fiery steed, which impatient as its rider for the onset, pawed the level ground and covered its gilded bit with snow-white foam.

The martial trump was at length heard, and with its first note the Lord of the Emerald Shield bounded into the lists, and was loudly cheered by his friends and fellow nobles, as well as by all the gentles of the land. His early appearance inspired them with confidence, and occasioned his late defeat to be for the time almost forgotten; whilst, on the other hand, the tardiness of his rival's coming, augured but little in his favour. The trumpet, indeed, had brayed forth its last notes ere Sir Gaston thought proper to enter the arena. His appearance had undergone no alteration, save that the lance of the courteous tourney had been exchanged for the tough spear with which on the preceding day he had overcome the

brave and knightly defenders of the passage of arms; and that the bridle arm displayed his invulnerable and fairy-polished shield.

Expectation beamed in every eye, and silence flung a mystic charm round the scene, which the monarch's signal dissipated in a moment. The onset note was sounded—the ropes were severed, and the combatants dashed forward in true knightly style. In the twinkling of an eye they met, but the shock was issueless; each having at the same instant, and with equal skill, warded off his antagonist's lance, neither could boast of any advantage. The second course likewise only served to display the scientific dexterity of the assailants. For the third time they dressed their lances to their rests, and gave their steeds the rein. The shield of our hero was again impenetrable, but that of his opponent proving false, gave free passage to the well-aimed thrust of the Gascon, and was fairly pinned to the corslet of its lord, who was also borne from his seat by the superior strength and prowess of his foe. As he fell upon the soft sand he received little or no injury by the fall, and recovered himself in an instant; while the cheering cry of "Honour to the sons of the brave," bursting forth from the assembled thousands, inspired him with fresh vigour. The Knight of the Plumeless Helm dismounting, flung away his shield and advanced to meet his half-conquered rival, whose bright sword was already "beating the empty air" in token of proud defiance. The struggle on foot proved long and desperate; but was at last terminated by the fairy-gifted glaive, the *Vraiacier*, forcing its way through the brazen helmet of De Langeville, and, cleaving it in an oblique direction, it penetrated with the same blow through the shoulder greaves, and by the wound it made, entirely disabled his sword arm from any further effort. The wounded knight at the same moment fell all his length upon the earth, and the blood flowed profusely from both his head and

shoulder. The victor, with soldier-like alacrity, unlaced his shattered helmet, and demanded as the price of life a confession of his guilt and treachery. Almost unconscious of what he did, Langeville complied with this demand:—"Heaven was with thee," he muttered; "Thine was the better cause." "Enough, I ask no more!" said Sir Gaston de Biern, and therewith withdrew the threatening falchion from the naked and defenceless throat of his vanquished enemy. Then turning away he presented himself before his sovereign and laid the sword of victory at his feet; while the squires and officers at arms bore off the bleeding knight to his pavilion, where the leeches were already in attendance to apply their healing balsams to his wounds.

The conqueror was hailed with the greetings of a thousand tongues, and the clangor of a thousand warlike instruments; but disregarding both, and intent upon the primary object of his journey to the round table of Kenilworth, he hastened to lay his plumeless helm near his Vrai-acier, before the throne of the royal arbitrator of the chivalrous contests, and kneeling himself beside them, besought the pardon of his liege lord and master. Edward had a soul too noble and too princely, to cherish hatred or malice against a brother knight, or to allow any one to exceed him in an act of generosity. Rising therefore in his seat with a grace of port and bearing which proclaimed him "every inch a king," he replied to the request of the suppliant hero—"Sir Gaston de Biern, we have done you wrong; but by the word and honour of a king, it shall be recompensed. What, ho! my lord of Mortimer! what sayest thou now to the Knight of the Plumeless Helm? Seekest thou a braver son-in-law?

Or wilt thou still bestow the hand of the Lady Alice upon the vanquished John de Langeville?"

"My liege," replied the proud, though now abashed baron, "never, while I live, shall a false and craven knight, if I am aware of it, quarter his arms with those of Mortimer. The Lady Alice shall be free to choose."

This every one knew was making a virtue of necessity; for, after the demonstrative proof of affection given by the damsel herself not many hours before, her choice was a riddle already solved. And on being appealed to upon the subject, she made no scruple in declaring that her first-love should be her future lord.

At the banquet in the evening, our hero received from the hand of his betrothed bride, the rewards of valour which he had so well earned, and the next morning was blessed with the hand itself; his prince at the same time restored to him his hereditary possessions, and commanded that in future he should add to the quarterings of his shield a plumeless helm, in remembrance of the renown which he had that day acquired as its wearer. Thus the sports of Kenilworth were concluded, as it was intended they should, by a bridal, though by an unexpected but fortunate accident the bridegroom was changed.

Young Eric was rewarded for his fidelity and attachment, by being made the favourite attendant upon the happy bride of his beloved master; who, returning to his native land, passed the residue of his days happily and honorably; and when gathered to his fathers, left a name behind him which shall endure till the waves of time wash away the glowing records of romantic chivalry, and with them the valorous achievements of the "Knight of the Plumeless Helm."

BOHEMIAN LAW IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY ;

A TRUE STORY.

ALITIGATION arose between two noblemen, who had married two sisters, the daughters of a wealthy baron deceased. Each claimed, in right of his wife, her splendid inheritance. The origin of this feud was of a romantic cast. Twelve years before, the baron, a man of irascible vindictive passions, suspecting that his elder daughter had formed an unsuitable connexion, confined her in a solitary tower on the summit of a cliff, to which the only access was by a perpendicular ascent, sufficiently difficult to impede the most enterprising adventurer. In this gloomy turret, the unhappy girl was condemned to waste her blooming youth. At length the baron died, without pardoning or even seeing his ill-fated child, but not before he had given in marriage his second daughter to a nobleman of calvinistic principles, who took possession of the whole property, and without scruple determined that the captivity of his sister-in-law should terminate only with her existence. For some time, the baron Slabata enjoyed, unmolested, the magnificent castle of his wife's ancestors ; and (such was the moral degradation attendant on feudal ignorance) his iniquitous actions were chartered with impunity. In the mean while, it was notorious that the baron left two daughters, one of whom, the elder, and consequently the heiress, though immured, was supposed to be still in existence. Otto of Wartenberg, a spirited nobleman, with more courage than wealth, recalled the image of the captive in her happier days, and resolved to attempt her deliverance. For this purpose he repaired, with a chosen band of brave men to the foot of the declivity on which her tower stood. With infinite difficulty he ascended by a ladder of ropes to the summit, and employed the same means to assist his companions. Having so far

succeeded, they stormed the fortress, killed the guards, and released the lady. In what manner the victim of paternal cruelty and fraternal avarice had endured her tedious imprisonment, it is not necessary to detail ; but, however it might have impaired her beauty, it had not deprived her of attractions in the eyes of Otto, who believed that, in making her his wife, he should by the laws of Bohemia acquire an exclusive right to her father's possessions. Readily did the outcast lady accept his hand, and gladly did she acquiesce in the bold step which he proposed to reinstate her in the castle of her ancestors.

In this emergency, the regular course would have been to institute a legal process in the chancellor's court, and patiently to await his decision. But delays were as ill suited to the baron's necessities as the lady's impatience. Revolutionary movements in Bohemia seemed to have conferred personal privileges on individual men. Instead, therefore, of submitting his claims to a chancellor, who might be swayed by interest or prejudice, Otto, like a true knight, took his cause into his own hands ; and, having collected a sufficient force, proceeded to the castle, compelled admission, and dislodged its former occupants.

The discomfited Slabata lost no time in stating his grievance to the directors, who summoned Wartenberg to answer for the outrage. Instead of obeying the citation, that nobleman employed himself in arming his wife's vassals, who, either touched by her sufferings, or captivated with her husband's gallantry, promised to stand or fall by their new lord. Ill fitted to contend with his intrepid foe, the base Slabata had no resource but to re-state his case to the chancellor, and tamely to endure affronts until the election of a new monarch should have re-established

in Bohemia a more regular government. On the arrival of Frederic in Bohemia, even Otto altered his deportment, acquiesced in legal process, and implored the royal protection. Unfortunately, Slabata, who was notoriously a Calvinist, had already secured the good-will of the new government; and his forcible ejection from the castle was declared to be a violation of the laws, for which offence Otto was amerced in a heavy fine and imprisoned in the tower of Prague.

In the mean while the countess was allowed to remain in the castle of Gutschin, until the cause in the chancellor's court should be determined; when, on what colorable pretence appears not, the representative of the elder sister was non-suited, and Slabata, the unjust rapacious brother, confirmed in the inheritance. Not one moment was lost by the favoured litigant to enforce restitution; but, well knowing that the wife of Wartenberg participated in her husband's courage, he urged the rath to persuade her not to arm her vassals against the king's authority. The lady listened with calmness, and even promised to admit Slabata quietly, provided that he should be attended only by legal officers. For this the rath pledged himself; and Slabata arrived, with only ten legal commissaries, at the gates of the castle. Mistrusting, however, the placability of his sister-in-law, he had taken the precaution to provide soldiers, who were admitted privately within the court. In the mean while her vassals (including the inhabitants of Gutschin) beginning, unasked, to assemble before the gates of the castle, the rath read to them aloud the royal commission, denouncing the penalties of imprisonment and confiscation on all who resisted the royal mandate. On hearing this preamble, the people dispersed, leaving to the lady Wartenberg no alternative but submission or imprisonment. Her na-

tive pride and courage were still unsubdued; and, preferring even death with vengeance to beggary and disgrace, she commanded her soldiers to fall upon Slabata's party. The latter proving victorious, she withdrew with precipitation to an inner apartment, where she had hoarded a few barrels of powder; and here having plied the men with wine, she presented them with pipes for smoking, and encouraged them, by fair promises, to renew the attack, though, from an effort so desperate, she could expect only destruction. Slabata, exulting in success, was proudly conducting his men to the hall, happy to be relieved from the presence of his injured kinswoman. But vain were his speculations. A fatal spark, accidentally communicating from a torch to a small powder magazine which the lady had hoarded as her last resource, at once awarded justice to the rapacious Slabata and the vindictive wife of Otto. In a few moments an explosion was heard, beyond description terrible; the walls of the castle were lifted from their foundations; in a single instant one wing was levelled with the earth, and with the exception of five or six favoured individuals, who almost miraculously escaped, nobles, peasants, vassals, children, horses, were involved in one fate, and, above all, the lady and the baron, who had been the primary cause of the catastrophe.

No sooner was the intelligence received at Prague, than the wretched Otto was released from the tower, apparently at liberty to take possession of the melancholy ruins; but, though audacious, he was not obdurate; and so overwhelming were the impressions of horror and grief which this catastrophe produced on his frame, that he did not long survive his miserable consort. Such was the state of society in Bohemia, that this tremendous outrage was perpetrated in a castle only ten miles distant from the gates of Prague.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MAN.

THE Poets, they say, (and deny it who can,) That once on a time, in the sacred divan, Minerva the Arts with the Sciences join'd, And ask'd them to tell her how Man is defin'd ?

First Grammar, believ'd him a noun undecia'd, So curious his body, so searchless his mind ; Or a short interjection of weeping and woe, His birth is an ah ! and his death is an oh !

Next Logic, defin'd him an enthymeme brief, Where one thing is wanting, that sometimes the chief ; His birth antecedent, begins life's short tale, His death as the consequent never can fail.

Dame Rhetoric, next at the board took her station, And gave her opinion he was an oration ; Exordium his birth, and narration his life, Peroration his exit, the end of all strife.

Arithmetic, thought him a rule in reduction, So wasting his body,—his spirit a fluxion. A drop in duration, too little to sever From the ocean that flows on for ever and ever.

Geometry, deem'd him a spherical figure, Poor men are small circles, and rich ones the bigger ; But still her opinion decidedly ran, That he ends in the point where at first he began.

Astronomy, said he resembled a moon, A brightness all spotted and changing so soon ; Cold, fickle, unequal, now cloudy, then bright, An emblem of man, in her waning and light.

Geography, view'd him as misery's map, Whether hoary with age, or a babe on the lap ; Full of deserts, volcanoes, rocks, whirlpools, and bays ; His centre all fire, and his surface all fogs.

Music, thought him a drum, because hollow i' th' middle, If noisy, a trumpet, when foppish, a fiddle ; If vainly loquacious, a cymbal would suit, When thankful a harp, and when loving a lute.

Horticulture, described him a delicate flow'r, That blooms but a season, and dies in an hour ; She said, if another brief emblem might pass, In his youth he was green, in his age wither'd grass.

Geology spoke, and she thought him *red earth*, A bit of warm clay, when a babe he had birth ; His food, physic, raiment, earth wholly supplies, And 'tis dust turned to dust, when he finally dies.

Pneumatics, defined him, a shadow of morn, A vapour ignited the moment 'tis born ; The shade of a shadow, that passeth away, The dream of a vision, the breath of a day.

Typography, thought him a common-place book, And said his contents were by many mistook ; But whether by wisdom or vanity penn'd, His birth is a preface, a *finis* his end.

Morality, deem'd him an ocean of evil, A Pandora's box, yes, a limb of the Devil ; A den, where the vipers of wickedness breed, Immoral in practice, a libel in creed.

Religion spoke last, and all sweet was her sentence ; She thought him half angel, when brought to repentance ; If faith in Messiah, and love, spread its heaven Through his nature renew'd, it was *miniature Heaven*.

LINES, BY L. E. L.

No more, no more, why should I dream
Dreams that I know are vain ?
Why trust the future, when the past
I would not live again ?

Affection,—'tis the glittering wealth
Of snow-work in the sun ;
Pleasure,—the rocket's shining course,
Ended ere well begun.

Hope, the false music, luring where
The syren Sorrow dwells ;
And Praise, a very mockery,
The chime of the fool's bells.

And yet, alas ! for the fond time
When I believed all this,—
Although 'twas nothing but a dream,
At least the dream was bliss.

The heart is like those fairy rings,
Where all of green has died ;
Yet there, they say, the fairy race
By moonlight wont to ride.

We hold to that gay creed no more—
Gone is the elfin reign ;
Yet, surely, such fair visions fled
Is more of loss than gain.

But thus it is, as years pass on,
Even with our own heart ;
We see the visions, one by one,
Of early youth depart.

We gaze around—all is the same
O'er which our young eye ranged ;
But—sorrow for the heart and eye !—
Ourselves, ourselves are changed.

OLD HEADS ON YOUNG SHOULDERS.

UPON one of my days of infant innocence I lined my cousin Proby's hat with birdlime, out of revenge, because he had broken the central ornament in a string of birds' eggs, which at that happy epoch of puerile simplicity, I had purloined from certain nests in Hadley grove. The poor lad found his beaver as immovable as the plumed cap of the son of Maia; and much hot water and many screams were expended before it could be disjointed from his head. My mother was seriously angry; but my poor aunt Proby, mother to the victim aforesaid, as gentle a being as ever suffered a family to run wild upon the common of their own inclinations, exclaimed, "Well, well, never mind! he meant no harm: there is no putting old heads on young shoulders!"

My aunt's asseveration has, according to my subsequent experience, been qualified by two exceptions;—the one corporeal, and the other mental. The Countess of A—has a pair of very juvenile-looking shoulders, with a very wrinkled head screwed upon their apex. If you walk behind her, she seems twenty-two: accost her, *vis a vis*, and she mounts to sixty. In that respect she is like the law—very well to follow, but very ill to confront. The mental exception is one Smedley Jones, lately an articled clerk to an attorney—I beg his pardon, a solicitor—in Furnival's Inn, Holborn; but recently out of his time, and therefore qualified to kill game upon his own account. He wears black half-gaiters, and is a member of the Philonomic Society; exhibits much wisdom, little whisker, and no shirt collar; simpers; makes a gentle bow at the close of every sentence, with his chin touching his left collar-bone; criticises the new law courts; wears lead coloured gloves; affects a beaver with a broad brim; nods at the close of every sentence when the court of

Exchequer pronounces a judgment by way of encouraging the three puisne barons; and carries his pantaloons to his tailor's in a blue bag that they may pass for briefs. There is a lame clerk in the Three Per Cent. Consol Office at the Bank, with whom Smedley Jones appears to be on terms of considerable intimacy. I rather suspect that the motive of this conjunction is that the latter may obtain private information with respect to certain funded property, appertaining to certain widows and maidens, his attention to whom rises and falls accordingly. It is an unquestionable fact that whenever a young man rises, like Smedley Jones upon his toes in walking; waltzes with every thick-ankled girl, that would otherwise be a wall-flower for the whole evening; looks benevolently downward upon his own cheeks, sings a second at church, and boasts of belonging to no club, he may, to a certainty, be set down as one who means to let fly an arrow at Plutus through the Temple of Hymen.

It is quite edifying to meet Smedley Jones at a dinner-party. The first thing he does, on entering the drawing room, is to take up a book with an air of no common sagacity. If it happen to be Woodstock, he smiles with an aspect of compassionate disdain, and informs the bystander that he objects to historical novels, and that he prefers going to the fountain-head in Lord Clarendon and Bishop Burnet. Upon the appearance of the mistress of the mansion, he takes a seat by her on the sofa; but so near to its edge, that the slightest backward movement of that article of furniture would seat him where he ought to be. He smooths down the sand-coloured hair of the matron's accompanying offspring with an air of ineffable interest; enquires after dear Charles: hopes to see sweet little Emma: and ejaculates, "Oh, pray now," when mamma expresses

a doubt as to her appearance. He then talks of the sea as beneficial to children, and recommends Worthing, because it has no cliff. When dinner is announced, he looks sharply round for some female whose spine rather swerves from the perpendicular, aware that heiresses are seldom strait-backed; tucks her lean arm under his, and manœuvres to sit next to her at table. Whilst in the act of descending the stairs, our proprietor of an old head upon young shoulders, takes due care that the tongue which vibrates in the mouth of it shall ejaculate, "What a capital house this is!" in accents sufficiently loud to be overheard by the master or mistress of the mansion. He dilutes his wine with water, to adapt it to his conversation; and enlarges upon the folly of the maxim, "a reformed rake makes the best husband." I have heard him tell, nineteen times over, the anecdote of his uncle Major Flush, who thirty years back, at a dinner with Sir Phelim O'Four-bottle, poured his claret into his boots, aware that they would stand a soaking better than the coats of his stomach. This gives Mr. Smedley Jones an opportunity of observing how different things are at present; with an addition, that one glass of wine at dinner, and two after it, should never be exceeded by any man who wishes to render himself acceptable to the ladies. He belongs to a society for converting Captain Parry's Esquimaux, at the North Pole, from the errors of their ways. I have this fact from his own mouth, having had the misfortune to sit next but one to him at dinner, at old Spinsuit's, the Chancery barrister. The intervening individual was Miss Creek, of Upper Clapton, a white-visaged personage, whom the abovementioned lame clerk, in the Three-per-cent. Office, has introduced to his acquaintance. I rather think Spinsuit has been instructed to peruse and settle their marriage articles.

Miss Creek having retired with the rest of the ladies, my left flank was cruelly exposed. The old headsman

accordingly brought his juvenile left shoulder forward, and occupied the vacant seat. He asked me if I did not think the Esquimaux at the North Pole, "dark heathens?" I answered, not entirely so, because their whale blubber supplied them with oil for lamps. Mr. Smedley Jones stared at this, and added, that his meaning was that they were poor unenlightened wanderers. I rejoined, "True, but that's Apollo's fault!" Finding that he had a neighbour who was not to be dealt with metaphorically, he changed his course, and began to dilate upon his family-affairs, and informed me that his brother George was a clerk in the Post-office, where he expressed a hope that Mr. Free-ling would *push* him. Finding, upon inquiry, that his brother George lodged at the last house in Cecil-Street, which overlooks the mud-bank of the river Thames, I answered, "I hope he will." I was then informed that Mr. Smedley Jones's brother Richard was a clerk in the brew-house of Sweetwort and Company; the junior partner of which establishment, "sitting under the same minister" at Hoxton, had promised to push him. Finding that Sweetwort and Company were celebrated for their large vat, I again said, "I hope they will," which procured for me one of those amiable chin-dropping bows, which I have already depicted. "For myself," continued my juvenile companion with the antique bust, "I have a clerk who is a cousin to one of the judges, who goes the home circuit next assizes; he knows something of the high sheriff, and that kind-hearted and noble personage (Mr. Smedley Jones is not sparing of adjectives to benefactors *in esse* or *en passe*) has promised to push me"—"Neck and heels out of court, into the High Street," thought I, "or his javelin-man will not be of my mind." A Captain Smithers, with a dull eye and a drawling voice, now offered his snuff-box to Mr. Smedley Jones; this the latter declined, with another of those amiable bows, to which I have faintly en-

deavoured to do justice; and turning to me, observed that snuff-taking was a bad habit for a young man. "At all events," answered I, "he should wear a bad habit, or Scotch rappee will make it one." "Not but what I carry a box myself," continued Mr. Smedley Jones,—with a look that he meant for arch—"here it is:" so saying, he pulled out of his coat-pocket an oblong box, with an amber lid. "May I perish," thought I, "if it does not come from Geneva. We shall now be pestered with the regular orthodox series of quadrille tunes." When this machine had interrupted conversation for the usual period, and had "said its say," I was in hopes that we had done with it: "But soft! by regular approach—not yet." It was again wound up, and again set a-going, to gratify little Theobald Spinsuit, who had bolted into the dining-room in quest of an orange. These little attentions gratify mothers, and are apt to procure the perpetrator a second invitation to dinner.

There now ensued a regular struggle between Mr. Smedley Jones's tongue and my taciturnity. He is one of those civil young men who must speak to their neighbours, whether they have any thing to communicate or not. I was accordingly asked what I thought of the Catholic Question. I had entertained no thoughts upon the subject. "Indeed!" was the reply. The next interrogatory to which I was subjected, was, "Who was the Author of Junius?" I protested that I had never given the matter a moment's reflection. This, however, did not stop the subject, and I was condemned to listen to the usual harangue, with the words "Sir Philip Francis, Lord Chatham, Lord Shelburn, bound copy at bankers, and tall man at letter box"—emphasized after the

accustomed manner. Then followed the banking system of Scotland, the Rev. Edward Irving, (whose watch I fear is still in pawn;) the death of the dowager Empress of Russia, Craneoscopy, and Tooke on Currency. All which topics were by me, jointly and severally, returned *ignoramus*. Mr. Smedley Jones's battery here suffered a momentary pause: whereupon "Thinks I to myself!" now for my turn. "Since Nature has clapped an old head upon his young shoulders, Art shall insert a young head between my old ones. Fifty-one shall start the topics which twenty-one ought to have discussed." Accordingly I asked Mr. Smedley Jones, to his no small dismay, what he thought of Mrs. Humby's Cherry Ripe and the Lover's Mistake. I took it for granted that he had seen Paul Fry on horseback, at Astley's Amphitheatre. I animadverted upon Madame Pasta's Medea: was sorry that Signora Garcia had picked up a Yankee husband; and mentioned that I had seen Sir Thomas Beevor and Cobbett, in Saint Paul's Churchyard, in the character of the Goose and Gridiron. It is thus that extremes produce each other. If twenty-one monopolizes all the sense at the dinner-table, fifty-one must take to the nonsense or hold its tongue. "Sir," said the moralist of Bolt-court, upon an occasion somewhat similar, "he talked of the origin of evil, whereupon I withdrew my attention, and thought of Tom Thumb." I fear that Smedley Jones has by this time become almost as wearisome to the reader at second hand, as he was originally to the writer. I shall therefore conclude with this observation:—All monsters ought to be smothered: and wherever Nature puts an old head upon young shoulders, the sooner the one is knocked off the other the better.

BUONAPARTE'S GRAVE.

(FROM THE JOURNAL OF A GENTLEMAN JUST ARRIVED FROM INDIA.)

OUR touching at St. Helena would have been an incident devoid of interest to me, had it not been for the opportunity of viewing the tomb of him whose devastating arms spread terror over the face of Europe. St. Helena appeared to me to be in itself a frightful island—a rock of desolation—an emblem for the seat of exile—an insulated prison—a scene of all others the most likely to break the heart of one banished to its abrupt and rugged strand. It cost me a world of trouble and fatigue (which but for the object I had in view would have been ill repaid) to mount up the steep, serpentine windings, and constant twistings and turnings, which relieve the traveller to a certain degree in the almost perpendicular ascent. On my way I passed by the country-house called the Briars, which was the first habitation of Napoleon on his arrival in the island. It is a very sweet spot, when contrasted with the surrounding horrors of the place, and owes much of its attraction to a waterfall, which invites to musing and meditation:—but the haunts of the living were not the objects of my expedition; and I at length gained the tomb.

He who looks for the lofty or sublime in this mansion of the dead, will be wholly disappointed; not a trophy, not a wreath, no broken-trumpet nor fallen spear, no glaive nor helmet;—a plain slab, formed of three Portland flag-stones, taken for the purpose from the fire-place of the ex-emperor's kitchen in his new house, is the only covering on his grave: on this not a line, either descriptive or commemorative, is written; no name, no date, as if he had gone—

“And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Left not a wreck behind.”

Around the secluded spot, the romantic and picturesque prevail in a high degree. It is situated in a green

valley, well planted with umbrageous trees and beautiful shrubs. Five willows droop over the blank tablet, and, waving in the breeze, throw alternate light and shade on this unlettered monument, rustling, at the same time, in a sort of mournful cadence. On the left side of the grave are peach-trees, which bear fruit; and a spring, as bright as crystal, glides on the out-side of the railing which is about the tomb, and itself encompassed by a hedge of geraniums. A serjeant and a private are placed here on guard, and have orders to prevent people from gathering leaves, and cutting pieces off the willow trees. I had intended to write a line, by way of epitaph, with my pencil on the stone; but the thing was impossible. My attempt was resisted, and I had some difficulty in obtaining a small piece of one of the trees; but was freely allowed to gather some of the poaches and the geranium, the hue of which reminded me of the riband of the Legion of Honour, founded by the deceased, and elevated by the blood of so many a battle-field. I now prepared to depart, when an incident of some interest arrested my steps for a while. A young and pretty French lady approached, and was soon leaning in a pensive attitude over the railing before described, with her eyes in tears, bent on the grave which it enclosed. She was one of a party of natives of France who had landed from a ship in the bay, to visit this memorable sepulchre. Her companions speedily arrived, and after a look or two, persuaded her to quit the spot to which she seemed almost immovably attached. The only male in the party evinced that trivial disregard which signalizes the character of his countrymen. He shrugged up his shoulders, and as they fell again, uttered something illustrative of the shortness and uncertainty of human

glory. Then (speaking of the island) he said, *Ma foi, c'est un endroit exécrable*. The young lady remained without speaking all the time, and in a few minutes I lost sight of her. I

now regained my ship and made sail for England; but the barren rock, lone grave, and weeping girl, have ever since been in my thoughts.

THE ART OF VISITING.

—Visits few, and far between.—Milton.

THERE is no need of descanting long upon the advantages of Friendship. That, indeed, would be to guard a title that was rich before. How friendship may best be preserved is the present question; and a question that is hardly the more easy to determine, for having long and often been agitated. Since the object of this Essay is to promote a friendly intercourse among mankind, it may, to some readers, appear that the fittest method of succeeding would be to point out, in the first place, what means are most conducive to the original production of friendly feelings, and afterwards to propose measures for securing their duration. But there is no paucity of friendships in the world; and if they were but as lasting as they are numerous, we should have no cause to complain. Nature begins with us, and expediency goes on, ever urging us to seek some fellow-travellers in life, who may bear a part of our burden, and beguile the weary way with their kindness. Even at the very close of our mortal existence, we cannot bear the thought of venturing quite alone into the untried hereafter; but must needs be attended with the prayers, the wishes, and the remembrances of those we are leaving.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,—
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

It is clear that we are none of us indifferent to the kindness of our fellow-creatures; it is unlikely that we shall always be without it; how then, when caught, can it be kept? The fewness of those occasions on which we are brought into personal com-

merce with those whom we most regard, and the unsatisfactory result of such meetings, are beautifully noticed by Moore.

Oh! well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss;
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand—hast'ning on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

Perhaps there is somewhat of poetical exaggeration in this stanza, as applied to real friendships,—to the union of hearts that is best worthy of such a name; but it admirably describes the casual exchange of good feeling, which, from recurring between the greatest number of individuals, may be suspected to contribute an equal, if not a superior, share of the pleasure supplied by sociality upon the whole. It is to regulate, then, the introduction of this smile, this grasp of the hand, which the poet instances, that the remarks now commencing are put on paper. We may leave the parent and the child, the brother and the sister, the lover and his beloved, without a doubt of their extracting from each other's society all the good it can bestow, and in the most natural, and, therefore, successful manner. It is those many, and yet fragile ties, which are entwined by an occasional greeting, that require to be strengthened. In a more homely phrase,—it is not he who dines or sups with his friend by invitation, or without invitation; it is not the inmate of the same house, or the daily frequenter of the same place, that ought to be circumspect in guiding his social conduct; it is the unfrequent, it is the morning visitor.

The true morning visitor has never been asked for the evening, and probably he never will be. He is not known enough to be admitted into the family circle at a time when all hearts are opened by the genial influence of dinner, and of an escape from the business of the day; or it may be, that he is known too well. Perhaps he has not sense enough to please the father of the family, or staidness enough to satisfy the mother: perhaps, too, he is wanting in compliments for the daughters, or has too much amiability for his limited income. Very likely he has none of these great disqualifications, but has merely never been invited, and therefore is never remembered in the invitation-cards. In all probability, the fact is, that he has not in his character a sufficient sympathy with that of those whom he visits, and has, nevertheless, nothing in him repulsive enough to make him altogether unwelcome. It may occur, that he has some particular purpose to achieve, which forbids him to drop the acquaintance, inasmuch as a time may come when the nature of it will, as it were, spontaneously undergo a favourable change. A morning visitor will leave his card, although he has found his way up to the drawing-room; for he knows his only hope of being remembered in absence,—he knows it to lie chiefly in his power of contributing a ray to the gold-edged glories of the card-rack; he knows when the last new style of engraving is grown old-fashioned, and when the antique black-letter is held a brilliant novelty. But this catalogue of characteristics must be cut short here; or, instead of describing the morning visitor as he is, we shall be prematurely advising him what he ought to be; and, after all, what he ought to be is the gift of this brief paper; so that there can be no harm in coming at once to the point proposed, though we should scorn to do it by surprise.

If a man, not connected with those he visits by any close bands of relationship, whether in blood, or

through marriage, or of friendship, whether affectionate or reverential,—if such a man would have his visits agreeable to the visited, let him remember the rule *ne quid nimis*. Let him go not too often, for that is wearying; nor too seldom, for that is negligent. Let him stay not too long, for then also he is a bore; nor hurry away too soon, for fear of seeming a brute. If it should happen that Mrs. Bull is not at home when he calls, let him avoid pressing the maid-servant too closely. But let the rejected be sure to make his speedy re-appearance at the same door; for there is nothing people like so much as to have their knockers always busy, unless to have their pockets always full, and, moreover, to keep themselves always idle. None but a very Goth, a Vandal, a Bœotian, will think of paying a morning visit before one o'clock, or after four; unless, indeed, on a Sunday, when he hopes to find the family not within; in this case, a quarter to one will be no bad hour; provided the people of the house are religious, or are desirous of being considered so. Not after four, however, on any day in the week; for if he smells dinner, he is undone. There are few things men so reluctantly or so seldom forgive, as the forcing them to ask you to dine, when they would rather have you supping with Pluto. If they are people of importance, it is ten to one that you are not worthy of a chair at their table; and, if otherwise, they in all probability have to lament over the want of a suitable repast for you. There is nothing in the house to-day but the fag-end of yesterday's joint; or a dish of hash, with a bull's heart; a yard of tripe, or a stale mackerel, to make up. No: let the morning visitor avoid the discovery of these culinary derelictions; let him turn his back on them, or let him never look his friends in the face.

There is a time of year more fit than any other for morning visits; but it is difficult to ascertain, in this variable climate, at what time that time of year occurs. It is when people are

not frozen in their fingers and toes, for then it is hard to be under the necessity of taking one's feet off the fender, and one's hands off the bars. It is when the heat of the weather is not so excessive, as that the entrance of another warm-blooded biped makes the drawing room perceptibly more like Tartarus. It is when town is not quite empty; for then there would be no gaining admittance: and mere card-leavers are not morning visitors. They pay their respects to the rapper, to the door, to the house, to the servant; or perhaps, it may be said, to the family, speaking abstractedly; but not to the individuals who compose it. If one calls in full season, one third of those who are visited have not yet escaped from the grasp of Morpheus; another third will not acknowledge that they are up; and the remainder will certainly be shopping, or sewing, or strutting, or stewing, for some fashionable purpose or other. There is a time when, after the labour of Christmas parties and Christmas pantomimes, all society, with one accord, seems to rest upon its oars; and as the preparations for a Summer tour, or the health preserving walk, are not immediately to be undertaken, the worthy gentry are well disposed, in that languid calm which succeeds tumultuous enjoyment, for listening patiently to the vapid compliments, objectless enquiries, and stale news, of that migratory class of persons whose habits are now under consideration.

There is another little green spot, too, which your morning visitor may pasture on, between the return to town in November, and the commencement of hostilities, against good hours and good order, in the month ensuing. But it needs a very scandalous turn of wit to satisfy the inordinate appetite of those who have just been buried for a long Summer, quite away from all lies and lions. Even those who can but sport their Autumn week at Brighton, Margate, or Worthing, have but little taste, on their return, for receiving half-hour

calls, from half-strangers, unless they be of the most patient order of listeners. Indeed, there is so much hazard in determining upon any particular month in the year, as most fitted for the purposes of the morning visitor, that he must be left to his own discretion, or, if he has none, to that experience which will soon supply him with a *quantum suff.* of it.

Only this let him observe. His conversation on entering the drawing-room, must infallibly turn upon the immensity of time since he last had the honour of paying his respects there. Indeed his negligence, he must own, does admit of no excuse; it is altogether unpardonable. But he must hope for the future, that no such offence will again be chargeable to him. Then there is sure to be some absent relative or acquaintance to be enquired after. Such a subject may lead to the most important results,—perhaps the occupation of a full ten minutes out of the time a morning visitor is allowed. In the event of this consummation, so devoutly to be wished, not occurring, there is always a *corps de reserve*. Talk of the theatres that are open or that are shut; of the places you have lately seen, or have never but heard of; talk of books that you tried to get through, but could not; or of illnesses that you thought you never *would* get through, and yet *did*: say Mrs. Blank is grown thinner; but if she don't understand that you mean to call her interesting, bolster up your observation, by remarking a great purity of health in her complexion. Put on a grave face on an occasion like this, that you may be thought to speak medically, and not from gallantry. Society is become far too scientific now, for any thing like feeling to be thought decent. We must speak of female beauty as though it were a fossil, and be animated only in describing the inanimate kingdom. If a dandy would eulogise a lady's lips, his only way is to hint that a certain flower is like them, and to burst forth into a rapturous echo of the praises which

the said flower received at the last botanical lecture. Science, however, must for a long time be touched on but lightly, by the unintimate morning visitor. People would rather admit him into their family secrets, than acquaint him with their peculiarities of thought on points of erudition. It is in the evening coterie alone that such hallowed topics are broached; and it is inconceivable what profundities of speculation some will descend to, at "the genial hour for burning," and among congenial souls. I heard a noted blue, after applying vinegar-cloths to her head, to lower the pride of some impudent

champaign that had found its way there,—I heard her assert,—hear it, ye chemists!—that she believed cold to have a positive existence!

But we are giving our morning visitor a broad hint to take up his hat and be off. Well, let him go. He can hardly quit the stage too soon, if he hopes to appear on it often again. Let him of all things, make his bow within half-a-minute at most after having said or heard a good thing; by doing so, he goes away welcome; for he leaves his host in a good humour with *him*, or with *himself*.

MODERN MANNERS.

THERE are persons who, wearied with the insipidity of modern life, deeply regret that "the days of old iron are out;" that all that was chivalrous, spirit-stirring, and picturesque, has departed, leaving not a wreck of its magnificence behind: a period in which the mind was kept in a continual state of excitation; when prodigies were of common occurrence, and no knight or lady could stir five miles from the old ancestral castle without being involved in a series of strange adventures; when demons infested the wastes and forests, the church-yards were haunted by ghosts, and every hamlet was tenanted by a witch; when enterprising spirits, dissatisfied with the coarse fare and clonay domestic furniture of their own homes, sallied forth, sword in hand, crossed the wide and pathless ocean to foreign lands, and brought back the luxurious plunder of more refined nations to their wives and daughters. "There was hardly a female," observes a celebrated antiquary of our own times, "of the fourteenth century, who could be styled a gentlewoman, that had not in her house some portion of the spoils of furniture, silk, plate, or jewels, from Caen, Calais, or the cities beyond the sea; and those who, like

the knight of Chaucer, had been at Alexandria, 'when it was won' by Pétér king of Cyprus, returned with great riches in cloth of gold, velvets, and precious stones. The English at Poitiers were so laden with valuable booty, that they despised armour, tents and other things; and previously, at the taking of Barfleur, so much was acquired, that the boys of the army set no value on gowns trimmed with fur." What exhibition of modern times can possibly create so strong a degree of interest as that which was excited by such novel importations. The *tulle* robe, the *chapeau en paraplui*e, from the most fashionable Parisian milliner, nay the Burmese state coach itself, sinks to nothing in the comparison: one stare of wonder, or one glance of languid enjoyment, is all that can be elicited by the most striking inventions of brain-racked artists, from a multitude who have seen every thing that the habitable globe contains through the medium of travel, of pictures, and of books.

It is not, however, necessary to go so far back in our lamentation for departed glories, to grieve over the loss of the tournament, the pageant, and the stately banquets of the middle ages: in times much nearer our

own, before the invention of easy stage-coaches and canals, those fatal precursors of MacAdamized roads and steam-boats, there was quite enough to occupy and delight the mind. England was then a perpetual carnival, a masquerade, where every person supported a distinct character, instead of the endless repetition of dominos, which spread their dull insipidity throughout all society; people then spoke, and acted, and thought, according to their stations and professions, unrestrained by the fear of being deemed odd or vulgar, which influences modern manners, to the utter destruction of originality.

The dandy naval officer, who now wears spurs on shore, writes articles in the magazines, or launches forth as an author, drives a cabriolet, and collects pictures, was formerly a wild sea-captain, known by his rolling gait and nautical phrases—a lover of grog and a contemner of perfume—honest, open-hearted, and rough—simple and superstitious, and perchance a little vulgar, but altogether a most entertaining personage.

The red-coat—the very name is linked with delightful associations—the Lothario of a country town, at whose approach mothers locked up their daughters, and the provincial beaux hid their diminished heads—who performed the part attributed to the lover of Ally Croaker with the mothers, danced with the young ladies, drank with the fathers, and gamed with the brothers—what is he now? a dainty, scornful, affected being, who keeps himself aloof from general society, and can only be bribed to shew his fine person at a dinner by a French cook, and the rarest and most expensive wines.

Then there were the sober merchant, and the prim lawyer, the pedant vain of his learning, the pert city prig, the formal fine gentleman, with his bows and his courtly speeches, the gay rake, the boisterous fox-hunter, in endless and delightful varieties. If you moved from London to the country you went into a new world, and associated with people perfectly

different from those whom you had left behind. What a splendid contrast was there between London and the country! The metropolis was the only place in which the court and fashionable part of the community could breathe; they hated every thing that was rustic and rural, and were persuaded to quit the green wildernesses of St. James's Park, and the lamplight of Mary-le-bone Gardens, only for scenes nearly as much sophisticated—the straight avenues, nodding groves, and formal parterres of Twickenham and Richmond. Lord Chesterfield was wont to declare, that London was the best place to live in during summer, and that in the winter *there was no other*; but the capital that was thus lauded, was not the heated, crowded Babylon, wherein the unfortunates of the nineteenth century are constrained to live: it was girt around with pleasant meadows, and accessible to the sweet air of heaven. The whole of the fashionable world congregated south of Oxford Street, and were to be found in Westminster, and in the parishes of St. James and St. George: few encroached upon this silent territory, and those only to stare, gape at, and admire their superiors, without the slightest intention of vying with them, as the manner is, or rather would be now, if the higher ranks of the nobility quitted their entrenchments and participated in amusements open to all. In these times the peerage of England did not object to mingle freely with the gentlemen and gentlewomen of the middle order, an entire and separate class from the elbowing upstarts who are now kept at such an immeasurable distance by the *haut ton*; people who, possessed of wealth, think themselves privileged to assume an equality with high rank, and in the hope that, by dint of continual exertion, they shall at some period be admitted into the guarded precincts; look down with supreme contempt upon persons who have less chance of this exaltation than themselves. Before this present era of general refinement, those

who could not boast of birth were contented to remain quietly in the station allotted to them in society, and to gaze, at an humble distance, at the privileged persons who composed the court, and these distinguished fashionables enjoying the height of happiness in the polite circle around them. The great world, as it was called—the only world whose denizens were highly bred, highly accomplished, polished by travel, and acquainted with the *belles-lettres*—considered it the worst of banishments to leave the joys of London, when to winter balls succeeded *fetes*, *champetres*, regattas on the broad and sparkling waters of that beautiful river, which was the scene of continual pleasure to our ancestors, though now shut out from view by tall dark buildings—and midnight promenades in illuminated gardens, to rust and moulder in the country; amid people who had never even dreamed of the joys of London, knew nothing, saw nothing, and cared for nothing beyond their own fields, and a race or an assize ball at the county town. An exile in so barbarous a region was little short of martyrdom to the fine gentlefolks of former days. Accordingly Lord Chesterfield writes thus from Bretby Hall, in Derbyshire:—“Were I given to romances I should think myself in the castle of some inexorable magician, which I am sure Don Quixote often did upon much slighter grounds; or were I inclined to a religious melancholy I should fancy myself in hell; but, not having the happiness of being quite out of my senses, I fancy—what is worse than either—that I am just where I am, in the old mansion-seat of the family.”

The account given by a contemporary of this man of refinement, of his companions in the country, is equally amusing:—“We have gentlemen with long wigs, but they smoke tobacco; and ladies with hoops, but they are dragged at the tail.” The Dutchess of Queensbury says, in a letter from Edinburgh, dated June, 1734: “I have not met with any one in this county who doth not eat

with a knife, and drink a dish of tea;” and Lord Bathurst records the following marvels of the peak in Derbyshire:—“Perhaps you will not believe me; but it is literally true, that the sun shines even here where I am, above one hundred miles from London, and that there are men and women walking upon two legs just as they do about St. James’s.”—How delightful to explore the deep recesses of rural haunts, tenanted by a set of beings perfectly dissimilar to the dwellers in towns; to be enabled, on the strength of a well-cut coat, a rich sword-knot, and a cravat edged with fine lace, to attract all eyes in a country church, and send the belles away in extacies with the charming stranger! What peril, too, of flood and field, to be encountered in an expedition of six miles through rough roads to a dinner party; and what a zest did the narrow escape from broken necks give to the whole affair! Then the warmth of your welcome at these antique habitations, where in the owners prided themselves upon their old-fashioned English hospitality, the uproariousness of the mirth, and the excess of human happiness which the jocund faces of the party displayed! What have we in exchange for this?—a dull routine of common-places, the same heartless inanity which prevails in town, where no voice is heard above a whisper, and where a laugh would be considered as the height, or rather the depth of *mauvaise ton*. Who could hope to enter a country family in these days, and be entertained with the humours and superstitions recorded in the Spectator and Tatler, when an author not only exchanged the smoke of London for the clear skies of the country, but furnished himself with the materials for an article in a periodical, by observing the habits and manners of the new species with whom he was located. What enjoyment was there of mysterious horrors, when an owl could not hoot from the ivy, or a rat stir in the wainscot, without raising an expectation of some fearful circumstance at hand.

What delicious day-dreams did the lucky finder of a horse-shoe—now regarded only as so much old-iron—indulge in! Visions of Eldorado and Potosi floated in the mind's eye at the familiarities of the money-spider; and with what an assurance of a prosperous day were those persons comforted, who happened accidentally, to put on a stocking or a handkerchief the wrong side out! Then the continual alternation from hope to fear, the ominous dread with which lovers listened to the croak of a raven, as they wandered through the old oak avenue by moon-light; the terror occasioned by spilling salt,

and the horrible apprehensions raised by the death-watch, as its slow and solemn tick struck upon the affrighted ear in some large and lonely chamber, arousing some pining maiden from her pensive reverie, and threatening the safety of the beloved object of her meditations, perchance at sea, or pursuing his toilsome way through the burning plains of distant lands! It is all over! The horrors of the incantation scene in *Der Freischütz* excite no sympathetic feeling in our sceptic hearts; we are grown wise, and pay the penalty of knowledge—a paradise is shut from our view.

VARIETIES.

PATENT FOR IMPROVEMENTS IN GENERATING STEAM.

TWO positions are assumed in this novel method of generating steam:—1. That when a quantity of water is exposed to a given temperature, the quantity of steam formed in a given time will be as the surface, all other things being equal. 2. That steam is not generated in proportion to the intensity of the heat to which the vessel is exposed; but to the extent of surface exposed in a state of moisture to the action of the fire at a particular temperature. It is ascertained by experiment that the hotter metal is, the more slowly will water evaporate from its surface. Whilst only one second is required to evaporate a body of water at a temperature of three hundred degrees of Fahrenheit, eighty-nine seconds will be required to evaporate the same body at a temperature of five hundred and twenty degrees, and even thirty seconds upon red hot iron. For generating steam upon this improved method, a number of tubes or vessels are constructed of wrought or cast iron or other material of a certain length and diameter, in the interior of each of which another vessel of a still smaller size is inserted, leaving a small space on

every side, as well as at the two ends, between the outer and inner tubes or vessels. These vessels thus constructed are termed "Franklin Duplex Generators;" the inner tubes are closed at both ends, except in the last, which is termed the "Steamometer," which is meant to contain the steam for supply of the engine, and into which the steam generated in the whole of the generators is collected. These outer tubes are connected at the ends by pipes leading from one to the other. These vessels thus constructed are placed in a common heated furnace in the manner of gas retorts, or in the most favourable mode for heating. The water is injected by a forcing pump into No. 1 of the vessels, through which it is forced or distributed around the space between the two vessels, which is termed the "Water line," and from thence the steam and water, in a uniform rush or current, passes in succession through the rest of the tubes or vessels, until it reaches the steamometer into the engine. The water line varies in size, according to the diameter of the tubes, from half an inch to an inch and a half; and the steamometer contains about ten times the solid contents of the working cylinders to the engines. Upon this

principle steam is generated with astonishing rapidity and with a small degree of heat, the great body of water in a boiler is entirely avoided, there can be no possibility of danger or explosion, and there is great saving in weight, room, and at least one half the fuel now consumed. A steam barge is in operation upon the Thames upon this principle, with ten small duplex generators, and two steamometers, which the scientific are invited to inspect. The engine is only seven inches in diameter and eighteen inch stroke. The generators expose an immense surface to the action of the fire, every part of which is exerted in the generation of steam, and at a moderate temperature are thought capable of generating steam for an engine of fifty horse power. The patentee has offered to dispose of licences upon moderate terms; and as strong evidence of the efficacy of the plan, in case his generators do not succeed, he does not demand remuneration.

MADAME DE MAINTENON.

Maintenon affected a species of humility, which was only vanity in disguise. In this spirit she refused, for her niece, Madame de Caylus, a place of honour at Court, and asked her if she would rather be the person who had obtained, or she who had refused it. The niece does not seem to have relished this piece of forbearance practised at her expense. The Court, she says, in one of her letters, saw more ostentation than humility in it. Vanity also seems to have made up at least three parts of her affection for Louis. When lamenting his death, she observed to a nun of St. Ayr, "It is a fine thing to weep for a king." She used to indulge in the sentimental luxury of bewailing the slavery of rank, and regretting the ease and pleasures of a private condition. One day, looking at some carp in a marble basin at Versailles, "These carp," said she, "are like me, they long for their mud." It was upon one of these occasions, when she was expressing her disgust

at life and grandeur, that her brother, the count D'Aubigné, said to her, "you are at liberty to retire and espouse Dieu le père." Her influence in the direction of affairs appears to have been considerable; there were few councils held, she says, in one of her letters, in which her presence was not required. When her opinion was wanted Louis would turn round to her and ask, "Qu'en pense votre solidité?" What does your solidity think of it? The deference of the king, to a lady older than himself gave rise to many sarcasms. Barbesieux, a young man, extremely dissipated, was the secretary of state. William III. remarked that most kings chose old ministers and young mistresses, but that Louis had chosen a young minister and an old mistress. "*Ma tante*," said the duchess of Burgundy, addressing Madame de Maintenon by the title she usually gave her, "one must allow that queens govern better than kings; and do you know why, *ma tante*?" It is because under kings women govern, and under queens men govern." To the credit of the king and Madame, neither of them was affected by the sally of their favourite.

POINT OF HONOUR.

During the month of March, in the year 1783, a disastrous duel occurred between Captain Riddell of the Horse Grenadiers, and Captain Cunningham of the Scotch Greys, which, owing to its peculiar circumstances, excited the greatest interest; and the account of it I received from Riddell's second, Topham. The quarrel had been of long duration; but owing to their separation for some years, their friends hoped that it had at length naturally died away. Unfortunately however, encountering each other one morning at their agent's, Mr. Christie, high words ensued, and on the evening of that same day, Captain Cunningham wrote, demanding satisfaction. The note arriving while the wafer was yet wet, at the house of the Captain's father, Sir James Riddell, he, not observing the superscription, and conceiving it

to be intended for himself, opened it. Such however was the high honor of this Roman baronet, that though thus suddenly placed in possession of the fact of his son's intended recontre, instead of interfering to prevent it, he calmly closed the letter, and re-stamped the wafer; acting no further on his knowledge of its contents, than to procure the secret attendance of two surgeons of first-rate abilities. The meeting took place on the appointed day; Riddell attended by Capt. Topham; and Cunningham by his cousin, Capt. Cunningham. Eight paces were measured by the seconds, and they tossed up for the first fire, which being won by Riddell, he fired, and shot his antagonist. The moment Capt. Cunningham received the wound, he staggered, but did not fall. He opened his waistcoat, and appeared to be mortally wounded. All this time Captain Riddell remained on his ground, when after a pause of about two minutes, Captain Cunningham declared that he would not be removed till he had fired. Cunningham then presented his pistol, and shot Captain Riddell in the groin. He immediately fell, and was carried to Captain Topham's house, in Bryanstone-street, where on the following day, he died. Captain Cunningham, after a long and dangerous illness, recovering, voluntarily surrendered himself to the judgment of the law. He was tried, and acquitted.

A REBUKE TO VANITY.

The younger Crebillon, at the age of thirteen, wrote a satire against Lamothe and his admirers; he showed it to his father, who told him that it was very well composed; but, as he saw that the young man was vain of this opinion, he added—"Judge, my son, how easy and contemptible this style of writing must be, since, even at your age, one may succeed in it."

ANOTHER REPRIMAND OF THE SAME KIND.

Mr. Boswell, when a young man, went to the pit of Covent-Garden theatre, in company with Dr. Blair,

and, in a frolic, imitated the lowing of a cow; and the general cry in the house was, "Encore the cow! encore the cow!" This was complied with, and, in the pride of success, Mr. Boswell attempted to imitate some other animals, but with less success. Dr. Blair, anxious for the fame of his friend, addressed him thus: "My dear sir, I would confine myself to the cow."

LUDICROUS MISTAKE OF A COMEDIAN.

When the French theatres are shut by the order of the court, the suspension is called a *relache*, and this word appears in all the bills which announce the succeeding night's performance. Some years ago, Farley and Charles Kemble were in Paris, in search of novelties for Covent-Garden, and, in course, kept a sharp eye on the bills. One of these prohibitions happened to occur, and the word was displayed in great capitals as usual. "Well, Charles," said Farley, "we must have that—a devilish popular piece that *Relache*—you see it is announced at every theatre. I wonder who wrote it!"

ILLUMINATING APPARATUS.

For the purpose of rendering distant stations discernible by night during the trigonometrical survey which is now in progress, Lieutenant Drummond has constructed an instrument in which a globule of quick lime is exposed to the flame of alcohol urged by oxygen gas in the focus of a parabolic reflector. The lime under this treatment, when the experiment is made in the most perfect manner, emits a light eighty-three times as intense as that given out by the brightest part of flame of an Argand lamp; and this concentrated and reflected by the mirror, has enabled the officers employed in the survey to connect very distant stations in the night-time in the most satisfactory manner.

A LADY OF LABEADOR.

Major Cartwright used to relate many curious particulars of this woman; among others, that on being

shown the interior of St. Paul's, she was so struck with astonishment and awe, that her knees shook under her, and she leaned for support on the person who stood next her. After a pause of some moments, she exclaimed in a low and tremulous voice, "Did man make it, or was it found here?" When the gentleman who had the care of her, informed her that they must now return to her country, as the money appropriated for their support was exhausted, she asked why they could not go into the woods and kill venison. The gentleman replied, that he would be hung if he attempted to kill venison in England; on which the Esquimaux woman, after bursting into a loud laugh, exclaimed in a tone of the greatest contempt: "Hanged for killing venison! oh, you fool!"

FINE ARTS AT ROME.

Whether Rome can continue to be a school for the cultivation of the Fine Arts, seems to be becoming every day more problematical. The Pope and a new set of purists have commenced a crusade against all nudities in sculpture or painting. Venuses must now be decently attired in shoes, stockings, petticoats, and high bodies; and the chaste Diana (the huntress), must cover herself over with a cloak. Cupids are condemned to drawers at least, Apollo to nothing under hussar trowsers; and the Graces, Musés, *et hoc genus omne*, are recommended to appear in court dresses.

THE DEVIL A COUNSELLOR OF STATE.

The tranquility of the Court of Louis XIV. was interrupted occasionally by crimes of singular atrocity. A system of poisoning taught by Éxili, an Italian, prevailed to such an extent, that the king instituted a special tribunal called *Chamber Ardente*, to take cognizance of the offence. Among other great personages, the Duchess of Bouillon, a niece of Cardinal Mazarine, was cited to appear before this tribunal. It appeared that she had been guilty of consulting astrologers, and procuring a sight of

the devil. La Reymie, a president of the chamber, asked her, with much gravity, if she had seen the devil? She answered, that she saw him *at that moment*; that he was very ugly and ill-looking, and he was dressed as a counsellor of state. The poor president was confounded, and asked no more questions. This anecdote is most likely the original of the story of old Janet Gallately's examination before the justices, in Waverley, vol. i.

POLITE INNKEEPER.

"The innkeeper at Avignon, Moulin, has as much the appearance of a *bon vivant* as if he were an English landlord, but with a cast of French manners. A very pretty young English lady (so she was described to me,) admired his great Newfoundland dog, but said, 'M. Moulin, I am afraid of him: will he bite me?' — 'Non, Mademoiselle; mon chien ne vous mordera pas: fut il un tigre, il lécherait une si belle main.'"

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Mr. Price, the American Manager, has, it is stated, stepped into Mr. Bish's shoes for the lease of Drury Lane Theatre; Mr. Bish forfeiting to him the £2000 which he had paid as a deposit.

EPIGRAM ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"O liberté chérie! en vain je te poursuis;
Par tout je vois ton arbre, et nulle part tes fruits."

"O cherished liberty! in vain I follow after thee;

I see thy tree every where, and thy fruits nowhere."
Thy fruits I have seen here, the tree I have seen there.

HUMMING BIRDS.

Humming birds have been described frequently by naturalists as of an extremely passionate and vicious disposition, destroying the most beautiful flowers apparently without the slightest cause. A very enterprising traveller, Mr. Waterton, has recently shown that the food of these minute birds consists of insects, and consequently what has hitherto been attributed to irritability, arises from the natural instinct of the bird in pursuit of sustenance.